



LITERARY *cavalcade*

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Lesson Plans

Topics for Discussion

Activities

Vocabulary

Reading Lists

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Teaching Suggestions for This Issue

The New Man (p. 3)

This appealing short short story by Frederick Laing describes how a young man who had never known the meaning of freedom comes to the United States and begins to learn firsthand what democracy is.

While the author implies some things about the life Anton has known before arriving in this country, he gives no specific information. Students may be asked to describe, in a written assignment, their own conjectures as to Anton's previous history. Suggest that they consider such questions as the following: How old do you think Anton was during World War II? How did the war affect his life? What happened to his family? How did he happen to come to the United States?

Deck Tennis Unstrung (p. 5)

We think it speaks well for the taste of the readers of *Literary Cavalcade* that the frequent appearances of Cornelia Otis Skinner on these pages have always met with such enthusiastic response. For Miss Skinner combines an accomplished prose style with an inimitable comic sense. Both these attributes are revealed at their best in "Deck Tennis Unstrung," an episode from the Cornelia Otis Skinner-Emily Kimbrough classic, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*.

Film Preview (p. 7)

Worthwhile and enjoyable entertainment awaits you and your students—especially the girls—in the M-G-M musical version of the original fairy tale of *Cinderella*, featuring the dancing of Leslie Caron. We are happy to call at-

Highlights of This Issue

People and Their Problems

Short Short Story: "The New Man," by Frederick Laing (p. 3)

Anton joins a road gang and finds—America

Short Story: "The Failure," by Donald Asher (p. 14)

Phil had cheated on an exam—but did he deserve the consequences?

Book Excerpt: "Paintbox Summer," by Betty Cavanna (p. 20)

Summertime on Cape Cod—a girl, a couple of boys, and a box of paints

The Current Scene

Film Preview: *The Glass Slipper* (p. 7)

Announcing the new M-G-M version of the Cinderella story

Play: "Interruptions, Interruptions" (p. 10)

What does America mean to you? A humorous incident on a train provides some answers.

Book Excerpt: "Yankee Batboy," by Joe Carrieri as told to Zander Hollander (p. 23)

The true story of a teen-age boy who actually gets paid for spending his afternoon with the New York Yankees

Something to Think About

Essay: "If I Were Seventeen Again," by Jesse Stuart (p. 8)

A well-known writer talks about the dreams and experiences that belong to age seventeen

Poetry: *Now That April's Here* (p. 31)

Lyric poems to spring and April's religious days

Just for Fun

Humor: "Deck Tennis Unstrung," by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough (p. 5)

A rollicking episode from two unpredictable lives

Chucklebait: *The quips and cracks of Bob Hope* (back cover)

Scraps of fun from Bob Hope's book, *Have Tux, Will Travel*

Student Writing

"Cavalcade Firsts" (p. 12)

One story and two poems, by teen-age writers

Composition Capers (p. 30)

Tips on the use of the setting in story-writing

tention to this coming film in this month's picture preview.

If I Were Seventeen Again (p. 8)

Jesse Stuart, distinguished contemporary writer of fiction, looks back on his seventeenth year in this month's essay, and tells us what he wishes this enviable time of life could mean to all young people. The essay, as you will find, is more than a message to youth; it is a statement of the values that one mature man believes to be enduring.

Jesse Stuart was brought up in the hills of Kentucky. The life he best knew and still prefers is the life lived close to the land. As a result, he would wish that all boys and girls could spend their seventeenth year in rural surroundings. But not all the experiences he describes are restricted to those who live in the country. Some are equally available to all. Ask your students to point out the values and experiences Stuart mentions that are open to the city boy as well as to his country cousin. Then ask them to suggest some of the advantages of urban life that might serve as compensation for "the boy or girl who hadn't ridden on a hay wagon," and who, according to Stuart, has thus "missed something in his youth."

Interruptions, Interruptions (p. 10)

Literary Cavalcade has published this short drama once before, and we

do so again in response to numerous requests. Considerably shorter than our usual drama selection, "Interruptions, Interruptions" has the virtue of being easily produced in classroom or assembly hall, and of combining humorous entertainment with critical observation.

Point out to students that the word "America," like "democracy," "freedom," and "independence," is too often glibly and loosely used. Then ask them to clip newspaper and magazine articles, advertisements, pamphlets, etc., in which they find "America" or "American" used in certain contexts. In terms of each clipping, have them answer the key question of this play: *Which America?* They should come up with a variety of definitions, from the "America" that the manufacturer of automobiles has in mind to the "America" as represented abroad by our diplomats.

The Failure (p. 4)

Quiz and discussion questions on this thought-provoking short story are to be found in "Cavalquiz" (p. 27). Further work in class can assist students in reaching some conclusions about the problem the story presents.

Suggested Activities

1. Ask students to discuss the problem of cheating in their own school. How widespread do they think cheating is? How effective are the measures that have been taken to combat it? How much individual responsibility do students feel for maintaining standards

of honesty? To what extent does the student council accept responsibility for these standards? What additional things might be done to decrease the incidence of cheating?

2. Have students conduct a panel discussion on cheating, based on the case described in this story. Let five members of the panel represent the probable points of view of five of the major characters: the Dean, Bob Hollister, Judge Hollister, Ellie Hollister, and Phil. A sixth person may serve as the moderator who will sum up the points advanced by each speaker. The discussion may be roughly divided as follows:

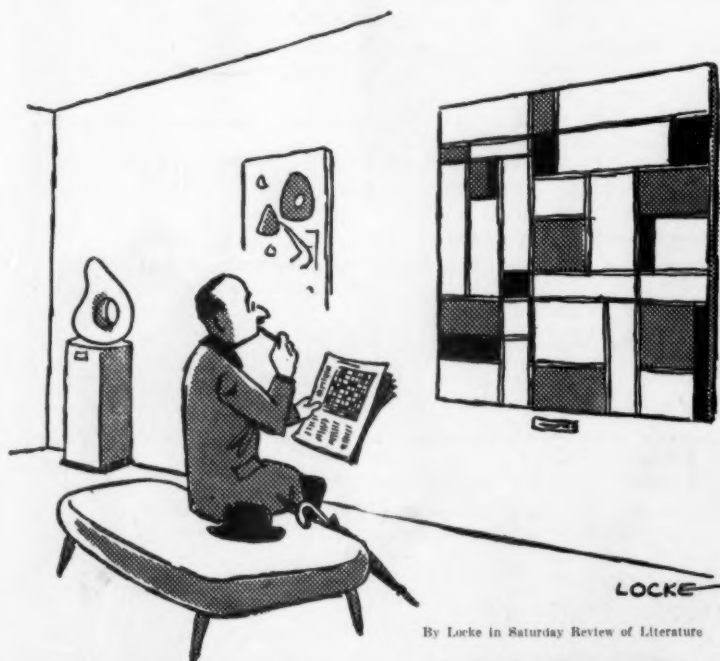
Dean: Explains the college's concern about cheating; underlines the importance of severe punishments for cheating if the standards of the school are to be maintained; states that while it might sometimes be desirable to make individual exceptions, the principles involved are too important to admit of such compromise. Expresses the conviction that severe punishment of young people who cheat is actually a blessing in disguise.

Bob Hollister: presents the student body's point of view—their recognition of the fact that many "get away with" cheating—but that each undetected incident of cheating harms every student, and that it is therefore all the more necessary that cheating be punished severely when it is discovered.

Judge Hollister: says that schools must take an absolute stand against cheating as part of their responsibility in preparing students for later life; cheating is the kind of immorality that carries over into adult life, and of which he sees daily examples in the law courts.

Ellie Hollister: looks at the matter from a personal point of view—Phil disappointed her, not only because of the weakness he revealed by cheating, but also because of the weakness he showed in being afraid and resentful of the consequences (his obvious expectation that the Hollisters might do something for him, his feeling that he deserved some sympathy).

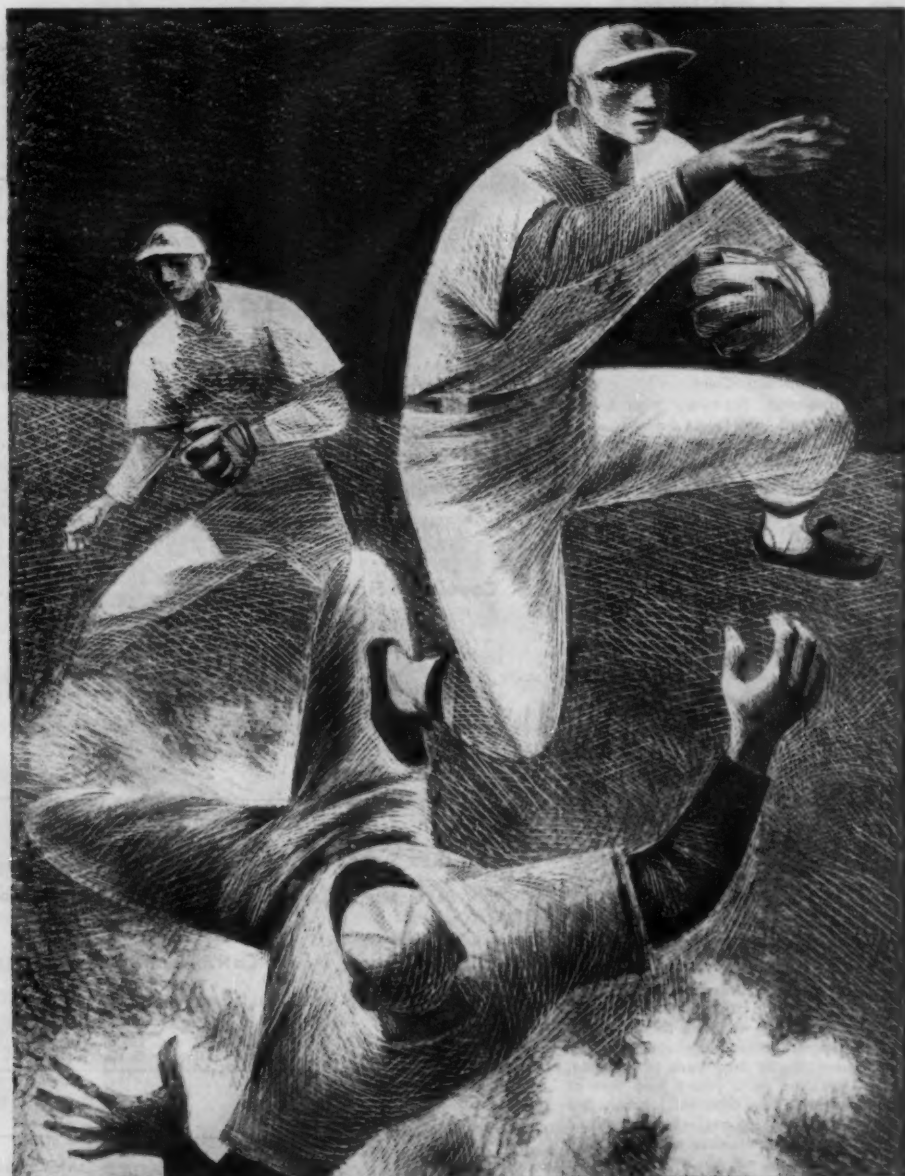
Phil: presents what he sees as excuses for his conduct—other people cheat all the time, and get away with it, so why should he have been singled out to suffer for one mistake? expulsion is too severe a punishment for such a mistake; some of the responsibility for cheating belongs to others—to schools who put too much pressure on students, especially during exam periods—to a society which gives too much emphasis to good school grades.



By Locke in Saturday Review of Literature

L I T E R A R Y *Cavalcade*

A MONTHLY FOR ENGLISH CLASSES PUBLISHED BY SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINES



"Double Play" • By Fletcher Martin

APRIL, 1955 • VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 7

See cover story p. 2, book excerpt p. 23

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OUR FRONT COVER



The striking drawing "Double Play" on our front cover is a photograph of a lithograph by one of America's outstanding contemporary artists. Fletcher Martin was born in Palisade, Colo., in 1904, and as a young man was at various times a painter, itinerant laborer, and merchant seaman. It was two months spent as assistant of the famous Mexican muralist, David Alfaro Siqueiros, that led him to the decision to devote his time to painting. This lithograph is reproduced on our cover through the courtesy of the Associated American Artists, New York City.

It's April—and the time when crocuses bloom and baseball bats come out of cupboards. In this issue you'll find stories on both these subjects (see "If I Were Seventeen Again," p. 8, and "Yankee Batboy," p. 23) and on many another April theme.



LITERARY cavalcade

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Chucklebait Back Cover



Illustrated by Emerson Barron

**Stan didn't suspect it . . . but Anton
had never forgotten their first fight**

Short Short Story By FREDERICK LAING

APRIL, 1955

The New Man

WHEN Stan saw this fellow the road boss had hired to work with him, he figured he was in for trouble. He was only thinking of the job. Dragging that heavy screed over wet concrete needed two strong guys, not just one.

"This here's Anton," the big, easy-talking foreman said. "He don't speak much English. He thinks he can handle his end of a screed. I want to give him a chance."

Anton looked as though he had just come off the boat. Things must have been tough where he had come from. His cheeks curved in instead of out. He wore a frayed and faded striped shirt, and much-mended, greasy black pants. He was as tall as Stan, but he sure weighed less, and Stan looked at him twice before he realized Anton was just a young guy, like himself.

Only Anton's dark eyes looked fully alive. They were quick and shiny. His eyes said, "You better not try to kick me around," and they said, "I want to be friends."

The foreman called John Broda over from the concrete

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mixer to explain in Anton's language what had to be done. Stan understood a word here and there. His father still spoke the language once in a while. His father's name wasn't really Stanley, it was Stanislaus. He had settled in this fertile valley when he was Anton's age, and probably for the same reasons, because things were tough where he had come from, and because the valley and the rolling hills were so much like the kind of country he had called home.

John Broda was explaining to Anton. They were adding a strip to the highway and had to lay concrete over a base of crushed stone. It would pour out of the mixer like lumpy dough while a couple of guys in hip-length boots followed the mixer and distributed the stuff with shovels. Then the heavy screed, with a man dragging each end, would make it smooth.

You had to keep that screed moving at a steady pace or somebody would holler, and you and your partner had to move together, because if one was slower, he was going to have a lot of concrete shoved over to his side, and then dragging the screed would be twice as hard for him.

Stan wondered if Broda had explained it that way. Broda gave Anton a slap on the shoulder and went back to the concrete mixer.

Then the trouble started. Anton just didn't have enough meat on him to move that screed the way it had to be moved. The stuff piled up in a lumpy pyramid at his end. Guys hollered. And after a while Anton was glaring across the screed as though he thought Stan was doing this to him on purpose.

Suddenly Anton let go of the screed with a howl and leaped over it. He got Stan by the throat. Stan put the heel of his palm under Anton's chin and shoved him over backward. Anton got up and launched a kick and Stan turned and grabbed him by the foot, and he went down again. The fight looked ridiculous and Anton got to one knee, surrounded by the other men, all laughing.

He must have hated their laughter. His hand went into his pocket and when he started for Stan again, he had an open knife.

The guys dropped their shovels then and jumped him. They held him until he cooled off.

"Boy, they must fight dirty where you come from!" one of them said. Anton didn't understand.

John Broda took up for him. "A lot of dirty things happened to his home town." And after the noon whistle, Stan heard Broda giving Anton a talk on what you didn't do here when you got into a fight . . .

About the Author



We asked Fredrick Laing how he got the idea for *The New Man*. "One week end," he explained, "I was sitting around swapping stories with friends. Someone told an incident, just a fragment, and I made

a plot of it. Then—as youngsters my brother and I had worked with a road gang in Maryland. I combined the incident with my own experience and there was the story."

Mr. Laing, now 44, grew up in Cumberland, Md., and attended the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he captained the boxing team. At 20 he took a job with a clock company and at 23 was made advertising manager. Later, he wrote copy for a large advertising agency. On the side he began to write fiction, has now turned professional.

Anton managed somehow to hold the job. His work even improved. And on Monday after the first payday, he showed up with an outfit like Stan's—dungarees, navy-blue shirt, and the same kind of cotton cap with a long peaked visor.

That morning as they were working, Anton gave the screed a sudden tug and piled the mixture on Stan's side. Stan wondered how he'd got so strong all of a sudden. He said, "Holy cow!"

"Holy cow!" Anton repeated with a wolfish grin.

Later he asked Broda what it meant, and from then on everything was holy cow. Broda would ask, "How ya doin' Anton?" and he'd answer, "Holy cow!"

Stan came to work on a bicycle. After a few more paydays, Anton showed up on a bike too. He tried to look casual as he parked it beside Stan's. He followed Stan home that night, and after a while they always left work together.

They got to be friends—or so Stan thought. One Saturday they stopped at a lunch wagon for a hamburger, and watched part of a fight on television. Anton became excited and waved a table knife at the television screen. Stan laughed. But one of the guys from the road job said, "I wouldn't want to be alone with that fella. Where he comes from they fight dirty."

When the prize fight was over, they went out to their bikes. A girl drove by in an open car, her blonde hair streaming. Stan didn't know her, but he waved and she waved back.

"American girls," Anton said. He kissed his finger tips. "Holy cow!"

"Yeah," Stan said. "Me too."

They coasted downhill and Anton pointed to the apple trees in the field near the creek. The apples were getting ripe. A streak of red showed here and there. Stan stopped by the fence and motioned Anton to follow.

They picked a couple of apples and sat down near the creek. Stan bit into his apple, but Anton took a knife and began peeling his. Stan noticed the way Anton had opened the knife with a flick of his thumb. He saw how long the blade was—nearly five inches—and the way it sliced a thin ribbon of peel. Anton wiped it on his shirt and put it back into his pocket.

They finished eating the apples. Stan threw the core at a tree across the creek and hit it. Anton hit it, too. They got up.

"Now," Anton said, "we fight."

Stan thought he must be kidding. He made a playful pass with his open hand, and Anton came in and hit him hard on the jaw.

"What the—! What's the big idea?"

Stan said angrily.

"Fight!" Anton said.

"What for? What's got into you?"

Anton swung a couple of wide ones which Stan blocked easily. But he kept coming in and Stan gave him a hard left jab and a right. Anton backed away and danced around Stan in a circle, waving his fists.

It lasted about fifteen minutes, with Anton getting the worst of it. Finally as they stood facing each other and puffing, Stan thought Anton had had enough and he lowered his hands.

"You stop?" Anton asked.

"I didn't want to fight in the first place," Stan said. "What you want to go and start a fight for?"

Anton didn't answer. Maybe he didn't understand. He reached into his pocket and the knife came out. Stan's eyes flashed to the knife. He had thought he was beginning to know Anton, and that Anton was beginning to understand a few things, too. Anton flicked his thumb and the sharp blade gleamed in the sun.

"One good knife," Anton said.

Stan didn't say anything. He stayed where he was.

"Cost plenty money. Good knife." Anton shook his head. And as Stan stood watching, he closed the knife. When he looked up, there was a grin on his puffed lips. "I fight clean?"

Anton turned quickly and threw the knife into the creek. Then he embarrassed Stan with a hug. And when they got back on their bikes, Anton looked battered but happy.

This invasion of Europe left havoc in its wake

DECK TENNIS UNSTRUNG



If Europeans regard us suspiciously, it's no wonder. Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough took a trip abroad in the early twenties—the trip described in their book, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, and in this incident from the book. It was a mad romp through Europe, leaving havoc in its wake.

Cornelia and Emily weren't looking for havoc—they just wanted to meet people and do things. On the ship going over, they cheerfully signed up for "a tournament" to be refereed by the dashing Scottish nobleman, Sir Michael Nairn. When the tournament turned out to be an unfamiliar game called deck tennis, they began to have misgivings. Oh well, they thought, their numbers would probably come up late, and, meanwhile, they could do a little cramming. . . .

I THINK this is the proper moment to state that Emily and I are not of the breed of amazons. We're no good at sports and we weren't then. At Bryn Mawr I played hockey only because it was compulsory. My team was the seventh, which seldom met, owing to the fact that there was no other team inadequate enough to meet us. I tried basketball (also compulsory) but if anyone had the lack of judgment to

Reprinted by permission from *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay* by Cornelia Otis Skinner and Emily Kimbrough, published by Dodd, Mead. Copyright 1942 by Dodd, Mead and Co., Inc.

By CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER and EMILY KIMBROUGH

Illustrated by William Hogarth

toss a ball at me I ducked it and ran.

The only outstanding feat I ever accomplished in that repulsively degrading activity known familiarly as "gym," was to knock myself senseless with an Indian club. Emily wasn't one whit better, if truth were told. But in her case truth wasn't told and the thought riles me to this day.

She was small and moved gracefully (I was tall and moved like a McCormick reaper). Moreover, she had side-stepped all regulation college athletics by having talked somebody into allowing her to be an instructor in an activity she chose to call "rhythmic dancing." I don't believe she had the remotest notion of what she was doing, let alone teaching, but she had picked up an Isadora Duncan outfit and a few Attic postures and when she told the head of the athletic department she had a special contribution to give the students, the head of the athletic department, whose only contribution wasn't much more than a hockey-stick and an old pair of sneakers, let her get away with it.

I am not one to write with authority about Emily's class in Greek whatever it was. I attended it only once. Emily on this occasion wore a lovely little purple tunic, very ballet russe. The rest of us had perforce to wear our

regulation athletic attire, middy-blouse, serge bloomers, woolen stockings and some tasty black foot-gear known as "gym shoes," which looked as if they'd been cut down out of arctics. Emily, who by comparison had no trouble at all looking like Pavlova, had us all prancing, expressing joy, sorrow, frolic and greeting, the while a grim individual at an upright accompanied us with "Narcissus" and "Nights of Gladness."

Despite my middy-blouse and serge bloomers I tried most passionately to act like something hot off Keats' Grecian urn, but Emily said I was a disrupting element in the class and put me out.

Our sportive prowess beyond the bourne of college was no less brilliant. I had ridden a mule down the Grand Canyon and could swim in tepid, calm water. Emily could play a fair game of croquet and had climbed Mt. Tamalpais. Heaven knows what made us think we could now play deck tennis, unless it was that goading thought of getting close to Scottish nobility. How close, we had yet to learn.

Next morning [after signing up] we arrived in the dining-room at our usual breakfast hour, which was just as the doors were about to close. The [English] Girl Guides were leaving at their customary single-foot. In passing our

table one of them reined herself in and neighed into Emily's startled ear: "I say! You've drawn first play!"

"First play?" Emily croaked.

"Lucky you!" she whinnied in envy. "Your match comes up immediately after breck," and she loped away.

Emily looked slightly ill. "My match may not be the only thing that's coming up," she said. She wasn't dressed for deck tennis, not that either one of us had brought along any deck tennis outfits. But that particular morning she was wearing high heels, a blue silk skirt and a frilly blouse which stayed tucked in at the waist only if she kept her arms down. We gulped our coffee and started for the cabin to ferret out garments that would be more *pour le sport*.

On the stairs we were overtaken by the Girl Guides who appeared to be in a state of frenzy. The first match had been scheduled to start fifteen minutes ago and they were all waiting for Emily. She mumbled something about getting into proper clothes but they said nonsense, she'd be all right. However, she must really get on with it because after all they meant to say as it were, one couldn't keep Sir Michael waiting, now, could one? And between them they hustled her off and onto the top deck where an alarmingly large group had assembled to witness the opening match.

I followed after with a sinking heart. I am one who suffers acute stage fright for my friends. [Our two new ship-board acquaintances], Joe Aub and Paul White had found a place to watch from a portion of the top deck which overlooked the court. I took a stand beside them and near a lifeboat so that I could jump in it and hide if I found I couldn't bear to look. Ours was an all too uninterrupted view of the goings on.

The much-heralded scorekeeper, Sir Michael Nairn, was directly below us. Emily, wearing her high heels and a grin which might easily have betokened imbecility but which I know only too well was the mask for a blue funk, was standing with three men of the realm. They were impeccably clad in white flannels, blazers that had coats of arms on the pockets, and those swankily casual mufflers one knows may any minute be ripped off to reveal a desperately manly throat. The good luck of which the Girl Guide was so envious had continued even beyond drawing the opening match. She had further drawn three unknown men to make up the two pairs of players (doubles it was) and not a woman, not even one of those nice ones.

Joe and Paul knew all about it. Emily they said, had landed as partner an Australian champion who held the all-high in deck tennis the world around.

Emily was talking with him now. Judging by the snatches of conversation which floated up to us, we gathered she was asking how the game was played. The Australian champion blanched for a moment, then relaxed into an indulgent burst of laughter and said, "That's a good one."

It was clear he thought she was just having her little joke. Emily laughed, too, but not so heartily.

Someone handed her a rope ring and she looked at it as if uncertain whether she was expected to wear it or balance it on her nose. She caught sight of me and for a moment her expression was that of someone who has just been asked to say grace at Buckingham Palace; but with admirable control she smiled and waved the quoit which she then immediately dropped and her partner, shocked as if she had dropped the flag, retrieved it for her. Sir Michael blew a sort of traffic whistle and the four players stepped out onto the court.

The Australian champion drew first serve and, relieving Emily of the quoit, left her foot-loose and fancy-free while he did the work. All she had to do was watch and learn and occasionally change courts. The game was a walk-over for them. Sir Michael called out "Forty-Love" and smiled approvingly.

The second game was all right too. A gentleman of the opposing team did the serving and on her side of the net Emily's partner did all the catching and they also won that game. Emily's partner must have been wondering why she didn't exert herself more, for occasionally as an easy toss came her way he'd call out, "Yours!" But Emily with an "I wouldn't dream of depriving you of it" smile would shake her head and let the ring pass and the long Australian arm would reach out and catch it in the nick of time.

Then came Emily's turn and I began getting ready to crawl off into the lifeboat. Her partner handed her the ring and she took it with a brave flourish.



Emily is a born mimic and her manner of tossing was a faithful replica of his, but the result wasn't the same. She must have given it an extra flip or held her thumb in it after she flung it. Or maybe it had something to do with the champion's hailing from Australia. Whatever the cause, the ring, the moment it left her hand, turned into a little boomerang.

It would start out across the net, hesitate in mid-air, then curve on around and miraculously land at Emily's feet.

Every time she served, it would describe that astonishing parabola and like a homing pigeon return whence it started unless it encountered some obstacle in passage, and the only object it ever encountered was the face of Sir Michael Nairn. The impact in most instances stopped the pretty plaything in its flight, but occasionally it would just graze the bridge of that Raeburn-esque nose and then come winging back to mama. The object scored a number of direct hits before Sir Michael, whose astonishment must have slowed up his reflexes, retired behind a stanchion. There he was comparatively safe but he couldn't keep the score unless like good King Wenceslaus he occasionally looked out and every time he did Little Australia was whizzing by and he got it right and proper.

People watched with gaping immobility. One or two giggled nervously. I wanted to go hide but the spectacle held me spellbound. Emily's face had taken on that fresh borscht hue. She emitted occasional little squeals and at one time came out with the astonishing remark, "Dear me! There's such a strong wind!" which made the other players think her demented. It was one of those days of breathless calm when the smoke rises from the stacks in perpendicular columns.

Finally into Emily's desperate eye there came a glint of determination. With the pentup frenzy of despair she aimed. And instead of twirling the ring, threw it like a baseball. This time there was no boomerang action. Swift as an arrow, that rope doughnut shot at a tangent from the court, over the heads of the rapturous audience, down to the second-class promenade and spun the cap off an officer who was just coming out on deck. Cap and missile went overboard and the officer turned right around and went back inside.

That formed a sort of climax. The match was declared null or void or something and the three men shook hands but I don't remember anyone shaking hands with Emily. Joe, Paul and I were recovering behind a funnel when Emily joined us. We decided we'd better not try to approach Sir Michael just yet . . . maybe after the swelling had gone down.

The Glass Slipper



1. Ella is a lonely, cinder-covered lass.



2. She has two beautiful step-sisters who both expect to marry The Handsome Prince.



3. One day in a woods Ella (who is called "Cinder-ella") meets (a) an old lady, (b) a handsome youth (The Prince) who teaches her to dance.

5. At midnight Cinderella runs from the ball, losing a glass slipper—and you know the happy ending!



4. When Ella's step-sisters go off to a ball at the palace, the old lady appears with a surprise: Cinderella's to go, too!



By JESSE STUART



If I Were Seventeen Again

It's a year for racing the wind . . . and touching the stars

Woodcuts by Clare Leighton
Courtesy of Kennedy Galleries

IF I were seventeen again, I would want to live on a Kentucky hill farm. I would want to grow up and live where there are trees, meadows and streams.

If I couldn't live on a large farm, a few acres would do. But I would want space to hunt over, and with a stream or lake nearby where I could fish. I would want to mow the meadows with a span of horses or mules and haul the hay to the barn on a hay wagon. I believe the boy or girl who hasn't ridden on a hay wagon has missed something in his youth. If he hasn't smelled new-mown clover, he has missed the finest wind a youth ever breathed.

In the spring of the year, if I were seventeen again, I'd want to take long walks into the woods. I'd want to get acquainted with all kinds of birds, how they build their nests and the kind of materials they use, what color and size eggs they lay—from the hoot owl to the chicken hawk and sparrow—and how and what they feed their young. I'd want to know all about the animals—foxes, possums, coons, rabbits, skunks, minks, weasels, groundhogs and all others. I would want to know and I would find out what they ate, where they lived, what animals were friendly to each other and which were enemies. This is a world every teen-age boy

should know. I've never seen one yet who didn't love the animal world. And I would protect each nondestructive animal, each nondestructive bird. I would want to know the hunting laws, abide by them, and help restock and protect the game so it would be here for the next seventeen-year-old when he came along.

I would also learn the names of wild flowers and plants that grow in the woods. I would also want to learn the kinds of trees. I'd want to learn them so when I touched the bark on the darkest nights I could identify the tree. I'd want to fox-hunt on April nights when the trees were leafing and hear a pack of hounds running the fox all night. And I would want to own at least one hound dog and have him in the chase.

A boy seventeen who has not stood on a high hilltop under the stars or a bright moon and listened to the music of barking hounds has missed something really great. Stars, moon, a high hill, the loneliness of night, and barking hounds, is a wholesome enjoyment. It puts character in a young man. It gives him something he cannot get any place else. I used to write high-school themes for my English class by lantern light or by moonlight as I listened for the hounds to come back in hearing distance.

In summer, if I were seventeen again, I wouldn't miss working on a farm. I wouldn't miss plowing and harrowing land, planting seeds in the ground and hoeing vegetables and

plowing the young green corn. I would want to work without a shirt, work in shorts and work barefooted. Because the feel of loose warm dirt to one's feet is a good thing in one's growth. I always hate to see a colt that has run barefooted over the pasture have to bow to steel shoes. His being shod is that grim reminder that his youth is ended.

I would, if I were back at seventeen, learn all I could about planting. I would want to be able, if I were cut away from all money-earning jobs or positions, to grow my food from the soil. I would want to specialize in growing one particular thing. And I'd want to specialize in growing a breed of cattle or a kind of hogs, or rabbits, or chickens. And I would want pets too—a coon, groundhog or squirrel. Or, I would want a pet hawk, such as I once had, that flew to the places where I fished and sat in a tree above me until I flipped a minnow from the stream. Then, soon as he saw the minnow dangling, he would fly down and eat it.

If I were seventeen again, I'd try to build my body strong. I wouldn't drink anything intoxicating. I wouldn't smoke until I got my growth. I'd want to build my body so strong, that if I were ever forced to use my fists, it would have the force of a kicking mule. I'd want to have the strength, and did have at seventeen, to lift the end of small saw log or to carry a green crosstie or a turning plow or the hind carriage of a joltwagon. I'd want to be able to do these things whether I could or not.



Jesse Stuart—poet, novelist, short story writer—grew up in the hills of Kentucky, working hard for every bit of his education, and writing his first poems on leaves for want of paper. As you can

see from this essay, he still prefers the life lived close to the land. *Your own dream of the best way to spend your seventeenth year might, however, be very different from his. Which of the experiences that he mentions would you like to have, too? Are there also advantages of a more urban life that he has not mentioned? Why not put your answer down on paper and enter it—this spring or next fall—in the 1956 Scholastic Writing Awards!*

A young man rejoices in strength and he can build strength by proper work and recreational exercises.

If I were back at seventeen, I'd want to find bees watering on the hot sand by some little stream, course them to their tree, cut the tree at night and rob the bees. I'd want a few bee stings too. A boy who has never found a wild bee tree, robbed bees and tasted wild honey has missed a lot in life.

And here is something I would definitely do. I'd go to high school. The boy who hasn't finished high school has missed something too. It doesn't matter whether he leads his class or not, whether he's the best athlete, or the most popular boy. I never had these honors and I failed three subjects in high school because I entered high school unprepared. But going to high school, taking different subjects under different teachers, knowing the boys and girls in my class and in the school is something I wouldn't miss. I would consider it enjoyment and recreation and not work to attend high school. I wish I could go over those four years again. It was never work. If I couldn't be the best athlete, I would still be one, if it were physically possible, even if I were one who was only substituted in an easy game. I'd try out for all kinds of athletics until I found the one game where I could play best. But I wouldn't miss athletics. This builds men physically and teaches them sportsmanship and to give and take.

I wouldn't want to ride a bus to school either, unless I lived too many miles away. One of the greatest track men I ever taught, one of the smallest and weakest boys I had in high school, refused to ride eight miles on a bus to school (sixteen miles a day) but instead he walked and ran to and from school with a wrist watch to check his time.

He didn't let a boy on the track squad know what he was doing. In his first three years in high school he didn't win a race. In his senior year he ran the fastest mile ever recorded in his school. His record still holds.

I would walk to school because it would build muscles in my legs, because I could breathe fresher air and my brain would be more alert in my studies. I could also meet people on my way, see trees, flowers and animals, and all of these help in one's education.

And this is another way I used to get my themes. I'd sit down on my way to school and write a theme after I'd seen something that gave me an idea. There is a whole world of subjects one can get just walking to and from school.

If I were seventeen and hadn't already done so, I would identify myself with the church of my choice and I would be there at least once each week. I received a shocking report once when I was pleading to a circuit judge for four of my schoolboys, who had disobeyed laws knowingly. Said the judge: "Ninety-six per cent of the young men that come before me don't go to church." These four boys, all from good families, hadn't attended any kind of religious services. So this is reason enough for one of seventeen to identify himself with some church.

I would be honest to the penny. If I borrowed a nickel from someone, I would pay it back. I would put myself into the rut of honesty and I would follow through. Why build strong bodies at seventeen, bodies to stand the wear and tear of the years ahead, and stunt the great growth of our character? If I were to choose between a strong body, or strong, honest character, I'd take the latter. I'd want a reputation for honesty. I'd want to be able to go to my hometown bank and borrow, if need be, without anybody but myself signing the note. When a seventeen-

year-old boy can do this, he has character. And if he has honesty he will pay that note if it takes his hide.

If I were seventeen again, I would earn my own money, or most of it. I would take days of work for other people. And if and when I accepted a job for the other fellow, I would do it well. I would do it so well that he would want me to work for him again. I'd do it so well others who had seen my work would want me to work for them. I would do the work so that I would rejoice at the finished product, so I could sleep contentedly at night. Because we build character through work we do with our hands. Do work well at seventeen and you'll be doing it well from then on.

If I were seventeen again, I would stand up for my convictions. I wouldn't be a follower of something I didn't believe and knew was wrong. No matter how popular the idea might be, I would hold out. I would be myself. I would be guided by what I thought was right. No one, no matter how much more powerful physically he was than I, would sway me. And it wouldn't be very long until several of my age would be following me. Popularity fades as often as the wind changes its course, but character never fades. In your schoolwork it is better to have C grades and A character than it is to have A grades and C character.

Seventeen may be the shortest year in your life. It was for me. It was a wonderful year and like a Kentucky April it came too slowly and went too quickly. It was a great year for physical and mental growth. A year of beauty and spirit. All years to be alive are good years. But, really not too much happens before you are seventeen. You'll never feel again like you could turn the earth over to see what is under it. Most of us would trade fame, fortune and achievements for what you have. So, hold seventeen and live seventeen, while you can.





"I'm just a guy who loves America," Mr. Stacey (James Whitmore), right, confesses to his companion (William Powell).

CHARACTERS

A PROFESSOR

MR. STACEY, the nosy stranger

A WOMAN

THIS amusing episode is from *It's a Big Country*, an M-G-M film of a few years ago about America and the variety—of people, customs, and geography—that makes it up.

(Shot of modern express train on the banks of the Hudson near New York. Fade to interior of Pullman club car. There are no vacant seats. A portly fellow, Stacey, enters and looks about. He seems disappointed at finding no vacant place.

A man rises from one of the lounges and starts out. Stacey instantly heads for the empty place. Seated near the empty place is a quiet scholarly-looking man. He is reading with deep concentration and makes an occasional marginal note or shifts his glasses to study a formula.

Stacey comes up to him and indicates the vacant seat on which there is a magazine.)

STACEY: You holding this seat for that fellow?

(The man glances up briefly.)

MAN: No.

(Stacey flips the magazine to the low table in front of the lounge and stretches out happily in the seat. The train starts to move.)

STACEY (as he seats himself, pleased):

Reprinted by permission of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer from *It's a Big Country*.

"Interruptions, Interruptions"

Guess I'm in luck, huh? (As the man doesn't respond, jovially) Saw that fellow get up and I said to myself, "Kid, when you hear opportunity knock on your door . . . (Chuckles in anticipation of the snapper; watches his neighbor for the reaction) . . . don't let him stand outside . . . drag him into the living room." (The man still reads.) Right?

MAN (abstractedly): Yes.

STACEY (chortles): Yes, sir, guess I was the early bird, all right, all right. (As an afterthought) Like to read?

MAN: Yes.

STACEY (delighted): Now that's a coincidence! Me, too. (Very confidentially) Only I don't get much time . . . always interruptions, interruptions. (Leans closer) That way with you too?

(The man glances up, turns a page.)

MAN (flatly): Yes. (He resumes his reading.)

STACEY (in a reflective mood): Yes, sir, don't guess I've read a whole book for years. (Takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket) Smoke? (He offers the pack.)

MAN: No.

STACEY (the philosopher): Takes all kinds to make a world. (Politely) Mind if I do?

(There is a slight pause. Stacey waits for the answer, still holding the pack of cigarettes.)

MAN (looks up from book): No.

(He returns to his reading, looking back at the previous page to pick up the continuity.)

STACEY (as he settles back comfortably): This is livin'—. A comfortable chair in a train . . . good company. . . . This is livin' . . . (He leans back, looks out of the window.) What a day. . . . (Leans forward) Huh?

MAN: I beg your pardon?

STACEY: Some day, eh?

MAN: Yes, indeed. (He returns to his book.)

STACEY: Ah. . . . It's wonderful. What a country. What a country. What a great country.

(The man looks up.)

STACEY: Yessir, this is the greatest country in the world. We got problems—sure. But we'll lick 'em. Me, I'm just a guy who loves America—

(Slowly, thoughtfully, the man lowers his book and turns to look at Stacey.)

MAN (quietly): Which America?

STACEY (reacts): Beg pardon?

MAN (politely): I asked "Which America?"

STACEY (with a nervous grin): I don't get you. You mean North America? The United States.

MAN: Weren't you referring to the United States?

STACEY (*relieved*): Yep . . . that's right.

MAN (*nods*): Well, which United States?

(*Stacey glances about as if to reassure himself that the world is normal. Then he looks carefully at the man beside him. When he speaks it is with uncertainty . . . he thinks he heard what he heard but he hopes he didn't.*)

STACEY: Look . . . we aren't connecting. (*An apologetic smile*) I don't know what you're talking about.

MAN (*slowly, carefully*): I'm simply asking . . . (*He speaks as if to a backward child*) To which United States were you referring?

STACEY (*with a hunted look*): Listen, there's only one United States. We're in it right now.

MAN: Ah, but I'm sure you agree that there are many United States. (*Politely*) Or, if you prefer, many Americas.

STACEY (*firmly, but patiently*): Look, suppose we're in a plane, right? (*As the man nods, gestures*) That way is Canada and there's Mexico, right? (*Man nods again; feels he is getting some place*) Atlantic Ocean that way . . . Pacific over there. Okay, so far? (*Man nods again triumphantly*) In between is America. The United States. That's what I'm talking about.

MAN (*as if a light had dawned*): Very clear. Very. (*Stacey sighs in contentment; the man continues thoughtfully.*) Of course, by the time that plane landed, the America you saw from up there would be a different America.

STACEY (*startled*): How's that?

MAN (*calmly*): In the same way, America yesterday and America right this instant are not the same.

STACEY (*cautiously*): What happened to it? (*Involuntarily, he glances furtively out the window at the passing landscape.*)

MAN: Happened to it? Why, if everybody in the world tried to measure everything that changes in America in just one minute, they'd fail completely.

STACEY (*going under for the third time*): That so?

MAN (*nods*): That's so. You see, there are all kinds of Americas. There is the political America . . . Declaration of Independence, Constitution, the Congress, laws—all everchanging. Political parties . . . the courts . . . the relationship of management and labor . . . foreign policy. . . . That's the political America—part of it. Then there is the historical America . . . the land and what has happened to the land . . . and the people and what has happened to them. . . . The pilgrims . . . the Minutemen and the battle of Concord . . . the

pioneers and the opening of the West . . . the Civil War . . . industrial growth . . . dust bowls . . . reforestation . . . low wages . . . high wages . . . taxes . . . high cost of living . . . and a million other factors—all everchanging and each changing the other. . . .

STACEY (*trying to get a word in, as he hopelessly founders*): A friend of mine has a grandfather who was in the Civil . . .

MAN (*running right over Stacey*): Then there's the America as part of the world community. . . . The America of World War I and World War II. . . . The America of the United Nations and a dream of world peace. . . .

STACEY: I was at a convention once in Minneap . . .

MAN (*paying absolutely no attention*): Then there's the American personality. . . . The Dakota wheat grower and the Seminole Indian in the Everglades of Florida . . . the Pittsburgh steel puddler . . . the Vermont farmer . . . the scientist at Oak Ridge. The Americans whose fathers' fathers' fathers were born here, and the Americans who have come from every country in the world. . . . The German, Greek, Irish, Jewish, Italian, French, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Chinese. . . . All the Americans. . . . All of them making America richer and bigger and better.

STACEY (*still trying*): I got a friend who's half Indian . . .

MAN: Yes, and let's not forget the American Indian. . . . All kinds, all sizes and shapes of Americans and America. And that includes Texas, if you don't mind. The America of the deluxe hotel suite and running ice water. . . . The America with more bath tubs, automobiles, telephones, and radios than any other place . . . America—the conscience, the heart, the will. . . . More and more Americas, wherever you look.



"Lady, which America?" Mr. Stacey said very distinctly to the woman across the table. "I repeat, Madam, which America?"

(*By now Stacey is absolutely punchy.*) MAN (*gently*): And so I ask you, which America?

STACEY (*blankly, from a fog*): What America?

MAN (*happily*): Precisely. Which America . . . or, if you prefer, what America do you have in mind?

(*Stacey's eyes are a little glazed; his voice is husky.*)

STACEY (*feebly*): Let's skip it, huh?

MAN (*agreeably*): Very well. But which?

STACEY (*punch-drunk*): Which what?

MAN (*surprised*): Which America, of course.

(*Stacey closes his eyes and shudders. He passes a trembling hand over his perspiring face. With an effort, he rises to his feet.*)

STACEY (*painfully*): Very interesting little talk. Very. I think I'll get my lunch. (*Turns to leave.*)

MAN (*affably*): Certainly. Perhaps we can take it up again later.

(*Stacey winces and departs.*)

Cut to medium shot of dining car. Stacey comes in from the club car almost walking on his heels. He sees an empty seat at a small table for two. A very pleasant woman is having lunch. Stacey is steadying himself from the barrage of words and from the movement of the train, and settles himself in a chair.)

STACEY (*as he sits*): Do you mind if . . . *

WOMAN: Of course not.

(*Stacey seats himself and looks at the setup in front of him, still going over all the things that the man has thrown at him.*)

WOMAN (*affably*): It's a beautiful day, isn't it?

STACEY (*looking at her a little abstractly*): Yes, Ma'am.

(*He returns to his meditations.*)

WOMAN: I love traveling on a train, don't you?

STACEY (*again looking up*): Yes, Ma'am, indeed I do.

WOMAN: I've made this cross-country trip seven times, and I never get tired of it. I so enjoy traveling across this great country of ours. The more I see of it, the more I love America. Yes, I am proud to be part of this America.

STACEY (*eyes her a moment, then leaning back complacently he looks at the woman steadily, and says distinctly*): Lady, which America?

(*The woman's eyebrows go up quizzically.*)

STACEY: I repeat, Madam, which America?

(*As the woman stares at him and Stacey leans forward to explain his question, we dissolve to the end.*)

Cavalcade Firsts / 1955

By YOUNG WRITERS

Selections from entries

in the Scholastic Writing Awards

SPONSORED BY THE W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO.

The Blue Darter of the North

By James Gent

West Chicago (Ill.) Community H.S.
Teacher, Robert D. Haebich

The brilliance of spring burst upon the shores of Lake Huron. Nature awoke to a new zest for life . . . for love . . . and for the hunt. Jim Gent's short story won honorable mention in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

SPRING was settling over the Lake Huron Shore country. Canada was awakening to the effervescence of life which had been lying dormant for the past six months. Snow-fed streams rushed and bubbled through primeval forests choked with dew-covered ferns, blooming arbutus, and jack-in-the-pulpit. A sleepy-eyed black bear, lean from its long sleep, came down to the brook's edge to try his luck, for large brook trout were cavorting playfully in the azure pools along the swelled stream's bank. Sassy jays screamed their teases at the blacky.

The bear approached the nearest pool silently, flattening himself into a dark lump at the water's edge, watching the three, dark, mottled fish lying motionless on the gravel bottom. A gossamer-winged fly buzzed in a zig-zagged line and then plunged into the middle of the surging stream. It drifted out of the stream's current, crossed the placid pool, and had almost reached the bank's edge when a stream of spotted brown and gold whizzed towards the suspended insect. At that moment the bear plunged headlong into the pool, cutting off the trout's retreat. The fish rushed into a shallow spot where a deft paw flipped the hapless brookie onto the grassy bank.

A large sharp-shinned hawk, flying low in search of an easy meal, spied the bear and the torn pieces of fish. He paused, thought the venture over and then flew swiftly off to the west and perhaps easier pickings.

Flying low through the woods the hawk caught the brief movement of

two indigo buntings, perched in the midst of an alder bush. The hawk streaked into the cover, sending the buntings fleeing in surprise. A ripping talon caught the male bird in the breast; dark blue was suddenly streaked with red, and the bird fluttered helplessly to the ground.

Perched at the top of a stately spruce, the predator consumed his meal. Fully fourteen and a half inches long, the hawk had just newly acquired its adult plumage of bluish slate upper parts with rust under parts. The blue darter of the north finished his feast and then flew in a westerly direction, in answer to a strange and beckoning call.

It was night now, and the darter flew low and swiftly through the woods, his heart pounding, his anxiety growing; each time he heard the call his ears were keyed for every minute of the dark hours. Suddenly he stopped, confused: the listened-for voice no longer penetrated the forest. Then he saw a squared tail and a rusty, barred breast; a soft *kek-kek-kek* was heard; his vigil of love suddenly became a passionate game, as the two wheeled silently together over the moonlit tops of pines, maples, and ashes.

The female led him in a playful flight to a nest thirty feet up in a leafy birch tree. It had been this female's nest the

previous year, but her mate had long since been dead. She thought nothing of this, for love blots out all bitter memories, especially in the animal kingdom.

It was not long before brown-spotted eggs, four in number, were laid in the large nest made of sticks. And it was not long after that before balls of soft rufous feathers were milling about in the nest. In those days the blue darter and his mate caught mice, insects, and small birds for their brood. Hunting was good in the Great Lakes region of the North.

The fledglings grew fast during the summer days, and the proud parents guarded them carefully. But one episode did occur which could very well have struck down the darter's offspring.

The young ones had been out of their eggs for perhaps a week, and the parents were returning home with two weasel whelps they had caught in a nearby meadow. Two snowy owls, pausing on their southerly flight, remembered a nest they had used the winter before. Straight towards it they flew, not expecting to find it occupied.

Pausing above the nest the two owls gathered their slow wits, and anticipated the annihilation of the cowering baby birds below. Suddenly shrieks rent the air, and two bluish bullets piled into the two trespassers. The owls shortly found themselves entangled in the branches of a wild rose bush, thrashing helplessly against their assailants and being beaten and slashed against the penetrating thorns.

The morning found two lifeless white owls, hanging like balls of linen from the thorns of a budding rose bush.

It was late summer now, and the darter was flying high over the sunlit forests, with his oldest son keeping pace beside him. A cooper's hawk wheeled casually in the eastern sky; high above them an eagle played games with the clouds; and far in the distance ahead of them, herring gulls rose in droves over Lake Huron.



Jim Gent has loved nature — both "the struggles and beauty" — ever since he can remember. "I was," he writes, "an avid fan of Ernest Thompson Seton, a lover of the creatures of the forest, as I am. An increasing interest in the swift flying North American hawk gave me the in-

centive to write a story about one of this species, with other creatures of the northern forests who had already won my interest and wonder." Jim, who graduated last spring, is an amateur taxidermist and hopes someday to be a "prominent zoologist and conservationist."

The two swung sharply to the right, and low over a sprawling meadow. So intent were they on their search for food, that they did not notice the hunters concealed in the brush at the meadow's edge.

A shot rang out and the darter saw his son crumple in the air and fall to the ground below. The blue darter swiftly headed for the dark trees ahead. A second shot split the air and the darter felt a hot pain in his back and right wing as he was blown aside in his forward flight and fell short of the trees into a patch of thistles. The darter crouched in the opening of a badger hole, while he watched the two men search for another "chicken hawk" to add to those already hanging at their waists.

It was evening now, and the moon hung high in the sky over the meadow. The darter was still crouched low in the badger hole, bearing the bitter pain that surged through his body, but relieved that his cunning had saved him from being discovered. He heard his mate's searching cry in the distance and struggled out into the meadow, unaware of watching eyes in the dark grass.

The darter opened his beak to utter a reply to his mate's call. But the air remained silent. A beating of wings against the ground was the only sound made, as two weasels reaped their deadly revenge.

A female sharp-shinned hawk, seeing a lump of rumped feathers below her, wheeled over the silent pines and shrieked her dirge to the moon.

Two men, just having finished tacking four young hawks to the door of their barn, paused, and listened to the noises of the night, then moved slowly back towards the house. Meanwhile, a cooper's hawk silently carried another chicken off into the night.



Ink drawing by Robert Censoni, Edwin Denby High School, Detroit, Michigan, won place in show at 1954 Scholastic Art Awards.

April

Joan Dougherty's poetry won honorable mention in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

Cool sunlight, turning to warmth—
Swift showers, fleeting—
Small blossoms, coming forth now—
Moist breezes, greeting—
Salt air, sharp to the nostrils—
Bright twilight, falling—
Love's voices, muted and sweet—
New April calling.

By Joan E. Dougherty

Notre Dame Academy
Brooklyn, New York
Teacher, Mother St. George

From "Reflections"

The following poem is the fourth and last part of a long poem, "Reflections," by Bonnie Mary Greatman, whose poetry won honorable mention in the 1954 Scholastic Writing Awards.

If I were not in love with love,
I'd weep no bitter tears;
I'd heave no sighs of loneliness,
I'd breed no darkling fears.

If I were not in love with love,
I'd laugh and toss my head,
And recklessly resolve to like
Whatever path I tread.

If I were not in love with love,
A victim of the strife,
I'd hold no hope for happiness . . .
There'd be no point in life.

By Bonnie Mary Greatman

West Phoenix (Ariz.) H.S.
Teacher, Elizabeth Titsworth

Fare Well— and Just Wait

With the selections on these pages, "Cavalcade Firsts" bids farewell to the writers and artists of the 1954 Scholastic Awards. We mean *fare well*. We lit up with anticipation when we first saw your work; we cheered with enthusiasm when the judges presented their honors; and we glowed with pride as we published what you had written and painted. And that was, we knew, only the beginning for you. You will keep on writing and painting. You will be happy and proud in the continual, lifelong discovery of your talent. Many of you will, in the future, make fine contributions to the world. And we will be proud to say, "We knew them when . . ." Fare well!

This month's "Cavalcade Firsts" is short—we're saving up! Next month, the writers and artists of 1955 will take over *Literary Cavalcade*. Our whole issue will be your issue—from cover to Chuckle-bait—devoted entirely to your stories, your poetry, your painting, your handwork: the best of your creative art from the 1955 Scholastic Awards.

We can hardly wait! It's going to be an exciting issue. We know what talent looks like, and we've watched all forms of it arriving for months with the morning mail. As you read this, the judges' decisions are beginning to come in and our offices clatter and hum with activity. We are adding scores, typing manuscripts, wiring for confirmations, photographing paintings, measuring space for the pages and pages of exciting new material. Perhaps some of it is yours!

One day early in May, the Awards issue of *Cavalcade* will arrive in your classroom. Every subscriber gets one. If you don't have a regular subscription—or if you'd like an extra copy to lend or to clip—simply mail us a quarter and we'll see that you get one. Write for the May Awards issue, to *Literary Cavalcade*, 33 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. Don't forget to enclose 25¢ (50¢ if you also want the booklet announcing the Art Awards winners and reprinting some of their work) and your name and address. Just wait 'til you see this May issue! — THE EDITORS.




charles beak

The Failure

For the first time in his young, proud life he knew disgrace
—for the first time discovered the strength to meet it.

Short Story by DONALD ASHER

Illustrated by Charles Beck



THE clock on the library tower struck ten as Philip Marbury came down the steps of Murdock Hall and started slowly across the almost deserted campus. It was a mild, windy day, a false spring day in early February. The tree-dotted quadrangle showed green between stale patches of snow, and the three coeds who passed him now wore their coats open, their voices clear and lilting in the soft air.

He walked past the bronze statue of Sanford Carlisle with CLAW THE TIGER scrawled in orange paint; he walked on down the slope toward fraternity row. The hackneyed, incredible phrases beat dully in his brain: "... unfortunate that a boy of your high standing. . . . The university has no alternative . . . duty to inform you . . . expelled. . . ." The dean had paused, shuffled through some papers, and Philip hadn't stayed to hear any more. He had turned away, walked dazedly from the office.

He tried not to think about it, or about yesterday morning, the alarm clock, the fantastic lapse of memory . . . the whole crazy pattern of events and how if only . . . if only he could have yesterday morning back again. . . . Expelled. The word barely registered; it was garish, unreal.

And he hadn't planned it; it could so easily have been avoided. That's what hurt.

Once more he went over in his mind the past two days, as if that could possibly help now, as if it made sense now to determine the point at which the whole thing could have been avoided.

The day before yesterday he had gone to his room after dinner to begin studying. The next morning he had his last mid-year exam: chemistry. He could always summon up strength for that last one, because as soon as it was over, you started packing; you were heading home then for a week's vacation.

By one-thirty in the morning, he had carefully covered the term's work, all except the final two weeks of organic. He listed the equations in pencil on his scratch-pad—he always did this, especially with organic, because the writing helped fix the formulas in the mind—and then sat back and began the business of memorizing. It would take an hour, he figured, an hour and a half to do it right.

But after barely twenty minutes, his eyes started to blur. It had been a long night, a long week: five final exams. What he would do—what he had done often before—he'd go to bed and set the alarm an hour and a half earlier. Despite faculty condemnation of last-minute cramming, he knew from three years' experience, three years of making Dean's List, that the equations would be fresher in his mind in the morning.

But the alarm didn't go off in the morning, or had he slept through it? What mattered was that he had only fifteen minutes to reach the exam room. He dressed hurriedly, tore the sheet containing the equations from the scratch-pad, folded it, and stuffed it into his pocket. He could scan it during the ten-minute walk to Riley Hall.

The first part of the examination went well. He worked steadily and surely until he came to the next-to-last question: "Show the typical oxida-

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tion of alcohols, aldehydes, and cyclic ketones. Use equations. Credit: 25 points." He stared at the question for some minutes, knowing the answer was not in his mind, uneasily aware of the answer in the inside pocket of his coat. Credit 25 points. That left a margin of 10 points between passing and failing the exam. He glanced quickly at the last question, saw with relief that he knew it. But 10 points. That was cutting things pretty close; he couldn't be absolutely sure he had a perfect paper without question four. And there were important considerations. There was his scholarship, four years' free tuition, which depended on his maintaining consistently high grades. And there was Dean's List, which he'd hoped to make throughout the four years; he had wanted to be sure of acceptance by a first-rate law school.

He closed his eyes a moment, trying to shut out the thought that was pressing insistently in the back of his mind. He looked up toward the lecture table at the front of the room. The two proctors were there, talking quietly. It would be a simple matter to transfer the sheet in his pocket unnoticed to the exam booklet, spread it flat, if necessary conceal it by turning a page of the booklet. And wasn't cribbing a casually accepted fact throughout the student body? Hadn't several of his own fraternity brothers admitted to it? And the others—probably a good percentage, he thought. Twenty-five points: it seemed a stiff price to pay for sleeping through an alarm.

He slipped his hand into his coat pocket, feeling the warm ooze of perspiration break out under his shirt because this was the first time, and he swore solemnly, the last.

He had just completed the question when he heard one of the proctors coming up the aisle. Quickly he turned the page, began on question five. The proctor passed by. For a few moments, he sat unmoving, taut with relief. Then he went on with the exam, working deliberately, intently, willing his mind from the previous page.

"All examinations will be collected in five minutes." He finished just as the announcement was made. He closed the booklet and sank back in his chair, trying to relax. Five minutes: not enough time to recheck his work. It didn't matter—he had done well enough. He couldn't help smiling a little at this. Now he wanted to put the exam from his mind, to be back in his room, packing. The train for home left in two hours, which meant that in nine hours, he'd see Ellie. He had looked forward to this week: the country-club dance Thursday night, dinner with the Hollisters, the party Saturday. It was going to be a fine week.

He capped his pen, gathered up his examination sheet and booklet and his overcoat from the adjoining seat. At the lecture table, he turned in his booklet and went out into the hall, feeling flushed and lightheaded and vaguely uneasy. He walked quickly along the corridor, and it wasn't until he reached the top of the staircase leading to the ground floor that he stopped dead. With cold hands, he carefully searched the pockets of his coat, then his pants pockets and his overcoat. He leaned heavily against the banister. The paper containing the equations was still in his examination booklet.

At that moment the hall filled with outcoming students, and he had to make his way against them. Dimly he heard someone say, "Hey, Phil, how'd you do?" He got through the doorway and went over to the instructor sorting booklets on the long lecture table.

"Yes, Marbury?"

"I left something in my exam booklet, sir—some scratch paper."

The instructor continued sorting. "Well, we'll come to it during the grading this afternoon."

"It's nothing important—just scratch work." Feverishly, he scanned the piles of booklets. "There—I think that's mine on top of that pile, sir."

The instructor glanced up now, studied him through steel-rimmed glasses. "Any work passed in with the booklet becomes part of the examination, Marbury."

He stood a moment, staring blankly at the instructor. There was nothing more to be done. "Yes. . . . Of course," he managed to say, and turned away.

Leaving Riley Hall, he assured himself it wasn't serious. The sheet would probably be discarded during the grading. Even if it weren't, even if he were called up on it, he could explain: he had used his scratch-pad to make sure of the answer before entering it in his booklet. Yes, that would take care of it. There was really nothing to worry about. Maybe, though, it would be a good idea to stay over until tomorrow, until the exams were marked; then he could pick up his grade at the Chem Department. The week at home would be ruined, thinking about it, waiting for his grades to be mailed. Yes, that's what he'd do. Stay over, just in case; take the twelve-five train tomorrow. It was going to be all right.

He spent an uneasy afternoon in his room reading *The Great Gatsby*, getting a head start on next term's American Lit course. That helped a little. It was reassuring to think about next term. After dinner, he went alone to a double feature, returning to his room about midnight. He couldn't get to sleep; all night he alternately tossed

and dozed. He was dozing off again when a fraternity brother woke him the next morning. Dean White's secretary was on the phone. Would he please report to the dean's office in half an hour? He shaved with numb fingers, dressed, and started across campus, willing back his confidence, anticipating possible questions, formulating answers. *It was going to be all right.*

But by the time he reached Murdock Hall, self-assurance had slipped into growing panic. And for good reason.

He hadn't thought it through clearly, hadn't considered three indefensible bits of evidence: the scratch paper contained equations other than those referring to the examination question; it was folded several times, unlikely if he had utilized it on the spot; it was written in pencil, his examination booklet in ink.

AFTERWARDS, walking in a trance from the dean's office, he found the living room of Sigma Tau deserted. Most of the boys had already finished their exams and left for home. Philip went upstairs and along the corridor to the phone cubicle. His hands were clammy, and he missed the number the first time. He dialed again.

"Bob Hollister, please." Bob was Ellie's brother and a member of the student council. The council dealt with such cases as his, passed on recommendations to the dean. *Why hadn't Bob phoned him? Surely he could do something.*

The boy at the other end returned. "Sorry, Hollister left last night."

Philip slowly replaced the receiver. Then he shook himself, got up, and went down the hall to his room. He looked around, his mind numbing with a hundred details that ought to be attended to—his books, locker key to be turned in, history volumes due at the library. . . . There wasn't time for all that, not if he wanted to get home today. And, he had to see Bob Hollister today. The student council could review the facts of a case, change their recommendation. Bob would have to try to do something for him. Bob's father would want him to, and Mrs. Hollister, and of course Ellie. He had never before in his life pleaded for anything, but this time he would. This time he needed help, needed it badly, and someone would have to come through for him.

He got his suitcase out and began taking shirts and underwear from the dresser. *One mistake. They can't ruin your life for one mistake.* He hadn't stolen or killed or been caught carrying a gun. He had been the victim of a momentary temptation, of an idiotic lapse of memory—that and a faulty

alarm clock. But no matter how he tried to rationalize, it was still there: cheating, dishonesty. *Forget it, he told himself. Forget it. It's done, finished. You can't bring back yesterday.*

Surprisingly—it hadn't happened in a good many years—he felt the hot sting of tears against his lids. He squeezed them back, methodically gathered up his toilet articles from the bureau top. His glance fell on the twin leather-backed brushes his father had given him in his freshman year.

Now for the first time, he wondered how he was going to tell his father. They had never been close, had never been able to talk easily to each other. Ever since he could remember, he had always felt uncomfortable in the presence of his father, a vague, soft-spoken man, whom he invariably compared with Judge Hollister and the fathers of the fraternity brothers whose homes he had visited during vacations. They were vigorous men, successful lawyers, businessmen, engineers. His own father was a college graduate, too, and had planned to be a doctor. But he had never gotten around to it. For the past twenty years, he had made an uncertain living as a salesman for numerous textile concerns, an occupation for which he was singularly unfit. His one passion in life, it seemed to Philip, was a love of fine books, and this he had indulged to the extent of filling two floor-to-ceiling bookcases with worn, secondhand editions. Funny thing, he hardly ever read them; he hadn't gotten around to that either.

Phil thought now of those stacks of books, faded and dusty, and how they always reminded him of home, of his father. And he remembered the time four years ago when his father had tried to fulfill his parental responsibility by speaking, in his quiet, half-apologetic way, on the subjects of integrity and values and persistence. He had succeeded only in embarrassing them both.

And there was Aunt Helen, the other third of the household, a spinster sister whom his father had asked to come and live with them when his mother died. Philip had tried—really tried—to feel something toward her. She was a gentle, nervous woman and a bad cook, and, intent on her new station in life, she had done her best to mother him.

On the bureau were other reminders of home, more pleasant ones: stuck in the mirror frame, a snap-shot of Ellie, taken last summer on the Hollisters' front lawn, and a two-week-old birthday card from Judge and Mrs. Hollister. Even if Bob couldn't do anything for him, he thought, brightening, the judge might be able to; he was an influential man, and State was his alma mater. And the judge liked him, he

knew. He had been dating Ellie for over a year now and had been to the Hollister home many times. They always made him feel welcome. While he waited for Ellie to get ready, Mrs. Hollister would bring in a tray of cakes and soft drinks, and she and the judge would ask him about school, his studies.

Of course, in a way they were playing a part, he realized. As yet, there was nothing definite between him and Ellie, but he could tell that they were pleased about him, that they looked upon him favorably as a prospective son-in-law.

"I like to see a boy who knows what he's about," the judge had said to him one night. "There's always room in a law firm for an ambitious young man who isn't afraid to roll up his sleeves."

The judge had had a kind of glint in his eye and from the way he'd said it, it seemed fairly certain that he had meant *his* law firm.



Yes, Judge Hollister would help him. If for no other reason than Ellie.

Phil looked at the photograph now. It wasn't a very good picture; Bob had snapped it when she wasn't quite ready. She was squinting against the sun, her close-cropped blonde hair flattened by her swimming cap. Strange, he hadn't thought of her at all since yesterday morning. He tried to imagine how she was going to take the news and was disturbed to find that he wasn't quite sure. He'd made up his mind to give her a ring next year, when he knew about law school. But now . . .

"Cripes, I wish I were leaving today," Marty Jeffers stood in the doorway, glancing ruefully at the half-filled suitcase. He was a senior, a big hulking boy who habitually walked into rooms and made himself at home. He flopped down on the bed, bunching the pillow under his head, and regarded the snap-shot in the mirror. "Hey, you bringing that blonde up for spring house party?"

For a moment, Philip stopped packing. It would be a relief to tell someone his story—that he would not be

back for the party, that unless someone went to bat for him, he was through at State, probably through with school, period, because colleges don't make a habit of accepting transfer students whose records show—what was the expression?—"expelled for disciplinary action. . . ." He'd be another guy with three years of college and no degrees, and they'd try to hush it up at home. One of his father's friends or the judge, maybe, would give him a job as a clerk—or, if he had the guts, he'd leave home, start somewhere else. Yes, he was frightened, all right, really frightened for the first time in his life, and it would help to talk. But somehow Marty wasn't the one.

Five minutes later he had finished packing. He told Marty good-by and left his room and Sigma Tau, grateful no one else was around to say good-by to.

In front of the Student Union, he boarded a city-bound bus. The bus had to circuit the campus, and he didn't want to, but he looked past the library tower toward the quadrangle of squat, ivy-clad buildings, remembering how on a hot spring day the corridors were cool and dark and there was the smell of tobacco when you passed the open door of a professor's office. In front of Murdock Hall, the bronze equestrian statue he'd had to straddle during initiation week, and the grassy slope behind Bailey Laboratory—you could study there in the shade of one of the huge elms, and looking down through the trees, see Lake Monandock, blue and shimmering like a mirror. The bus turned and started downhill, cutting off his view.

It was dark when the train pulled into Union Station. He went into the waiting room, stiff from the long ride, and went into a phone booth.

The dial tone clicked slowly, six times, before Mrs. Hollister answered.

"This is Philip Marbury, Mrs. Hollister," he said.

There was a pause, almost imperceptible, but a pause.

"Philip, how are you? Are you home? Your aunt called. . . . They've been worried about you."

"No, I got in just now," he said. "I was wondering—if Bob's home, I'd like to drop over to see him."

"Yes. Of course. We're just finishing dinner." Mrs. Hollister paused. "Philip, you're all right? I mean, your aunt—your father was expecting you yesterday."

"Yes, I'm fine, Mrs. Hollister," he answered, frowning at the nervousness in her voice, wondering if Bob had already told them. "Then I'll be over in about ten minutes," he said, and

hung up before remembering he hadn't asked about Ellie.

I ought to call home now, he thought. But that could wait. After seeing Bob and the judge, maybe he could soften it, tell them there was a chance.

He left the station and got in a taxi. It was a mild night, but his hands were ice-cold, and there was a gnawing hollow in the pit of his stomach.

Bob opened the door for him. "Come on in, Phil."

At the entrance to the living room, he stopped and set his bag down. "Hello, Ellie, Mrs. Hollister."

"It's nice to see you, Philip." Mrs. Hollister, smiling too brightly, came over and took his coat. Ellie nodded. She was standing across the room in front of the sofa, and she was smiling at him, too, a thin, uncertain smile.

He stood a moment inside the entranceway, apprehensive, seeing at a glance that they knew. On the way over, he had tried to anticipate their reaction. He wasn't quite sure what he had expected—sympathy, embarrassment, maybe, but he hadn't expected this: not the tenseness, the fixed smiles. And the judge, where was he? His car had been in the driveway.

Stiffly now he sat down, and Mrs. Hollister joined Ellie on the sofa.

Bob broke the silence. "I've told the folks, Phil—no one else. I hope you don't mind." He sat on the arm of a chair, his face intent. "I tried to reach you last night before I left. The Chem Department contacted us in the afternoon, and we had a council meeting about five-thirty."

"I went to a movie last night."

Bob took a pipe from his breast pocket, studied it a moment. "That was a pretty stupid trick, Phil, leaving those notes in your exam book." Bob looked up at him. "What made you do it? You've been Dean's list three years."

Philip wet his lips, wishing he knew Bob Hollister better, wishing he had seen more of him on campus. Slowly, painstakingly, because everything hinged on how he told this, he began relating the events, starting with the night before the exam, about the alarm's not going off, the notes in his pocket, unpremeditated, what was in his mind at the time—his scholarship, Dean's List, law school. When he had finished, there was a silence.

Mrs. Hollister said, "Really, I think something should be done about those exams. The pressure you boys have to work under. . . ."

"Of course my hands were tied at the meeting, Phil. The other fellows knew you were from home, and about Ellie—not that it would have really

made any difference. Our procedures in such cases are cut and dried. We're aware that there's quite a bit of cheat—of that sort of thing going on, and the only way we have of stemming it is to make an example of every case. Honestly, I wish I could have—"

"I thought my previous record might be a consideration," Philip said.

Bob got up, carefully filled his pipe from the bowl on the mantel. "That's the rotten part of it. Probably there are guys who crib every chance they get and are never caught. Then someone like you. I may be sticking my neck out, but I have a hunch you had never tried it before."

"First offense," Philip said wryly. He felt the tautness inside him give way to resentment. "You never cribbed, Bob—on a prelim, a quiz?"

The other boy returned his gaze levelly. "No, I never have."

I shouldn't have said that, Philip thought dully. *Bob can't do anything; I shouldn't have counted on it*. He noticed that Ellie was still absorbed in the back cover of a magazine. Beside her, Mrs. Hollister sat with a patient, vacant expression, her lips faintly pursed, and he realized in a cold moment of certainty that they had thrashed this whole thing out thoroughly before his arrival, that at the sound of the doorbell, the judge had discreetly retired from the room. He thought fleetingly of the date he had with Ellie for the country-club dance Thursday night and then asked in a carefully controlled voice, "How will this appear on my record, Bob?"

Bob sucked briefly on his pipe. "Well, of course, the council doesn't determine that. I think, depending on your past record, the school makes some kind of arrangement—"

"Perhaps, dear, if you spoke to the dean," Mrs. Hollister intervened gently, "something could be done about getting you admitted to another school."

"Yes," Philip said. He got up. There was nothing more to be done and he wanted suddenly to be out of this house. "I'd better be getting home."

Mrs. Hollister rose. "I know Percy would want to see you, Philip, but he's been working all day on a brief. It has to be ready for court tomorrow, and I really hate to disturb him. Why don't you call him tomorrow, dear, or Wednesday?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Hollister got his coat and he turned to leave. But there was one more thing. "I'll call you about the dance, Ellie," he said.

For a fraction of a moment she gazed

at him blankly. "Phil, I'm sorry—I tried to phone you yesterday. Janice Amory invited me up to Maine for the week. It was rather sudden. . . ."

He heard the rest of it dimly, something about a lodge, skiing, she wasn't sure when she'd get back, but she'd call him. . . . When she finished, he picked up his bag and let himself out the front door.

OUT on the pavement, he stopped and waited; in less than a minute, he was rewarded. Through the windows, he saw the judge in his smoking jacket appear at the living-room archway. It was like a scene viewed through a stereoscope, at once vivid and remote. The judge glanced around at his family, his lips moving. Philip looked a moment longer and then turned away.

It was four blocks to his house. When he reached the front steps, he hesitated, knowing he couldn't face them just now, the pained looks, the awkward pity. He thought dully of going back to town, to a bar, a movie, any place for an hour or two. . . .

But his aunt must have heard him coming up the walk. The door opened, and she stood framed in the yellow light, a tall, sparse woman with untidy gray hair, peering out into the darkness.

"Philip, is that you? We've been terribly worried."

"Hello, Aunt Helen." He drew a long breath and went up the stairs, kissed her cheek lightly. "I'm sorry. I should have phoned."

In the living room, his father rose from his chair. "Hello, Phil." His face was strained and tired-looking, more so than usual, and with dismay, Philip began to frame in his mind the words that would have to be said; the quicker he got it over with the better.

"Philip, dear," his aunt murmured behind him. He turned, puzzled by her tone, her nervous, pitying expression.

His father explained quietly, "When you didn't come home yesterday, your aunt phoned the fraternity. There was no answer, so she tried the administrative offices." He hesitated. "Dean White was put on the wire. . . . He asked to speak with me."

"Oh," Philip dropped his coat on the window seat and sank heavily in a chair, avoiding their eyes. "I'm sorry you had to find out that way."

His aunt started toward him, and stopped. "It's so terribly unjust. After you've worked so hard—"

"Helen," his father broke in gently, "I think probably Phil hasn't eaten yet. Why don't you warm up some of the roast?"



Letter Box

What is your opinion? You write it; we'll print it. Address your letters to "Letter Box," Literary Cavalcade, 33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

I have just read the article in your March issue called "Attention Teen-Aged Monsters!" I think it is excellent. It presents a problem that most teenagers are confronted with. I wish that older people would realize that we're human beings, too.

Jane Males
Richmond, Texas

Dear Editor:

Your excerpt from *Banner in the Sky* in December was intriguing. I would like to see more stories by the author [James Ramsey Ullman]. I have one suggestion for *Cavalcade*: Please have more high school sport stories and leave out the plays.

Bobby Weaver
Russell High School
East Point, Ga.

(The following letter was written in answer to our February request for your favorite lines of poetry.)

Dear Editor:

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Coleridge's poetic statement from "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" seems to me to express the perfect relationship of man with God and nature.

Dennis Quick
Omro (Wis.) H. S.

Nice Surprise!

Dear Editor:

At the beginning of the school year we were asked to bring fifty cents for *Cavalcade*. I was discouraged. Here, I had to spend my money for a magazine that would probably prove uninteresting. After a glance at the cover it seemed as though we would live through it. I was dumbfounded when I skimmed through the magazine. The contents were wonderful! It was truly a teen-age magazine!

It is both astonishing and convenient to find the answers to our problems in story form. I would like to see more articles that solve our problems.

Thank you for your magazine. It's "tops" on my list!

Marie Reyner
Wilson High School
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

"Touché" to all you sharp-eyed readers who wrote us about the error in the March crossword puzzle. Thanks for keeping us on our toes!—The Editors.

The Failure

(Continued from page 18)

When she had left the room, Mr. Marbury went over to the fireplace, took out a poker and needlessly stirred the faintly glowing coals. "The dean was deeply sorry. He spoke of your previous grades and said that if you wished to apply to another school there would be no reference to the matter on your record."

Philip rubbed his hands slowly across his eyes. He said after a time, "There'd be no scholarship, of course."

"Oh, we can manage that part." Mr. Marbury replaced the poker and stood silently by the grating, a slight balding man in a worn jacket and slippers.

The silence became uncomfortable, and Philip thought, *Why doesn't he say something? Is he waiting for me? Why doesn't he get angry, or say he's sorry, show some emotion. At least the Hollisters. . .*

He got up abruptly and went to the window. His hands gripped the cross-piece until his knuckles were white. "One mistake . . . You ought to be allowed one mistake. . ."

"You're not the only person who's ever slipped and suffered for it, Phil." His father's voice was quiet but firm. "I'll admit the punishment here seems out of proportion, but then, you were aware of the consequences."

Philip shook his head. "I don't mean that. I've been over to the Hollisters. I thought maybe—" He pounded his fist

softly against the glass pane in helpless resentment.

His father asked after a moment. "What did Judge Hollister have to say?"

Philip gave a short laugh. "The judge was conspicuous by his absence." He turned away from the window and slumped wearily in a chair. "We're through, Ellie and I." *How can you be so wrong about people? he thought. How can you know people for years, eat in their home, like them, honestly like them, and yet be so wrong? . . .*

"I don't suppose it helps much, my telling you you're fortunate it happened now," his father was saying. "You discover that people have a way of disappointing, Phil—not all people of course. But I think the sooner you learn—well, not to expect too much, the better for you in the long run."

Philip glanced at him. As before, there was the sense of distance between them, the feeling of awkwardness, of embarrassment almost. With something like pain, he looked at the tired, uncertain eyes and wondered, *How many Hollisters does he meet every day? How many doors slammed in his face?* Philip turned his eyes away.

How can I tell him that I think I know? And that I'm sorry?

And harder yet, how do I tell him he doesn't have to feel sorry for me, that it isn't going to be like that for me? That I'm not going to go down with the first hard blow, that I can take it, standing on my own feet? He said,

"I'll start writing letters tomorrow. I can probably get accepted somewhere for the fall term."

"Six months isn't a long time," his father said. "You can relax, do some of the things you've never had time for. We might even . . . if you'd like, we can get in some fishing this spring. . ."

Aunt Helen called in from the kitchen. "I'll have some coffee with you."

Philip got up, wanting to say something, to say, "Yes, we'll go fishing this spring," but he couldn't, not just now. They started toward the kitchen, and he heard himself asking, "Has Aunt Helen's cooking improved any?"

"No," Mr. Marbury said, and smiled. "I'm afraid it's about the same." As they went through the doorway into the kitchen, the father, in a guiding, unfamiliar gesture, touched his son's arm.

YOUR TURN

In our offices this story caused such a lively discussion that we're passing the ball on to you: Do you think Phil expected more from the Hollisters than he had a right to expect, and that his criticism of them was somewhat unfair? How do you think Phil, Bob, Ellie, and the judge should have reacted? We'd like to hear your opinion. Send it to Letter Box. For further discussion, turn to page 27.



Paintbox Summer, a TAB Club selection for March, is the story of a small-town girl studying at

Peter Hunt's summer art colony on Cape Cod. In the chapter on these pages, Kate has begun to change from the prim, shy girl of a month ago into a franker and more confident person. She's having her first date with a boy she met on the train to "the Cape."

*Ring a ring a rounder,
Daddy caught a flounder,
Oysters, oysters. Hooray!*

BILL Edmond repeated the words three little Portuguese children had been singing as they danced in a circle in the roadway, scampering at the approach of the car. "That's the Provincetown version of 'ring-around-a-rosy,' believe it or not."

Kate laughed. "Where do you pick up all your Cape lore, Bill?"

The red-haired boy shrugged. "Talking to people. I get a kick out of born-and-bred Cape Codders. Their speech is so saturated with sea terms."

Kate leaned back against the car cushions [Bill had borrowed the car from a friend at his art school], thinking that there were more facets to this boy's personality than she had suspected. The narrow village street, crowded with houses, gave way to a broad ribbon of road, wandering up over the golden dunes to the ocean. Bill's foot pressed down on the accelerator and the car jumped forward, leaving the town behind.

Ten minutes later he pulled into a broad parking space well filled with cars. A Coast Guard station nestled in a dune to the left, and below the macadam parking area lay a long broad beach, with waves breaking regularly against the shore.

An automobile radio, turned on full blast, shattered the summer air. Bill winced. "Let's get out of here." He lifted the picnic basket, lent to them by Rhoda, from the back seat and gathered up a car robe and sweaters. "We'll go way up the beach. Sunset on Race Point is something to see, but not accompanied by a shrieking crooner."

They went down to the water's edge, where the sand was firm, and Kate kicked off her sandals and walked along in her bare feet, stopping every now and then to pick up a colored stone. She had never seen such stones before. Smoothed by the endless grinding of the sand, they had colors as subtle as the sea and the sky—terra cottas, gray greens, blues, and purples. Bathed by the ocean, they shone luminous along

the tidemark. Kate stuffed a few into the pockets of her jeans.

"Beachcomber!" Bill teased.

"But the colors are so lovely, I can't bear to throw them away."

Bill considered Kate thoughtfully. "You like it here, don't you?"

"Here?" Kate looked out over the ocean. "Oh, yes!"

"In Provincetown, I mean."

"Yes to that too. It's all so new and so entirely different. I still feel a little breathless, but I love the bay and—the feeling of relaxation." She wondered if Bill would know what she was trying to say.

She didn't wonder long, because he nodded quickly. "I know what you mean. It isn't that people don't work here. It's just that they don't beat their brains out about it, the way they do in cities." He regarded her thoughtfully. "You going to do any painting, on the side?"

"I hadn't thought about it." This was not quite true, because she had been exploring in her mind the possibility of buying some tubes of tempera and some illustration board. Her art training in high school had been unusually fine, and she had done enough poster work to know something of composition. It

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A girl, a summer, and Cape Cod!

PAINTBOX SUMMER

By BETTY CAVANNA

Illustrated by Oscar Liebman

LITERARY CAVALCADE

might be fun to experiment, but she was so uncertain of herself that she didn't want anyone to know that she would even dare.

"You will," said Bill confidently. "You won't be in Provincetown two weeks before the atmosphere will get you. It always does."

Kate let it go at that, not wanting to pursue the subject. She turned and looked back in the direction from which they had come. Bathers and picnickers were mere dots in the distance.

"Haven't we gone just about far enough?"

Kate looked back too and seemed satisfied. "I guess so." He dropped the picnic basket on a shelf of dry sand and spread out the robe. "Let's swim now, while the sun's still warm. Shall we?"

Kate nodded.

"Think you can climb that dune?" Bill looked over his shoulder. "There's all the privacy in the world if you want to change."

They took turns getting into their suits, then raced each other into the water. After the comparative warmth of the bay, the ocean left Kate breathless and stinging with the cold.

"Keep moving," Bill advised, and after a while she got used to it. They rode breakers in to shore, and plunged through the waves headforemost. Kate lost her cap and came up with her hair plastered back like a boy's, but when she lay on the beach later, drinking up the warmth of the late afternoon sun,

it dried in soft tendrils around her face.

"You don't look like the same girl I met on the train," Bill told her.

"I am, though."

"I don't believe it. I think you have an alter ego."

"What's that?"

"Another self. I like this one better."

Kate raised her eyebrows. "And what was wrong with the girl on the train?"

Bill looked at her out of the corners of his eyes. "Copy-Kate? Oh, she was just trying too hard! Maybe it's a fault of the sex."

Kate should have been incensed, but she was feeling too lazy to make a fuss. Furthermore, she was becoming accustomed to Bill's thrusts. She'd let this one glance off and parry another time. Somehow, it didn't seem terribly important whether Bill Edmond especially liked her. Now if it had been Manuel stretched out beside her in the sand, the story would have been different. Kate turned her head and looked away from Bill. *Manuel*. Such a singing, foreign name. *Manuel Silva* . . . [Manuel was a young Portuguese fisherman who had met Kate the day before but—despite her dreams—hadn't seen her since.]

Suddenly, she wondered what Valerie [her older sister] would think of Manuel. Valerie hadn't once crossed Kate's mind all yesterday or today, but she now wondered how Manuel would appear to either her sister or her mother. She suspected that they wouldn't see the young Portuguese quite as she did. They'd see the fisherman but not the

man; that's just what would happen.

But why did it matter what Valerie might think? Valerie would never meet Manuel. That was the remarkable part of being away from everything and everybody she ever knew. At last she could have a life of her own—completely her own—and do the things she wanted to do, enjoy the people who happened to appeal to her, without fear of censure because she didn't quite conform to the accepted pattern.

Bill touched her on the shoulder, and Kate turned her head.

"Don't be mad. I'm sorry," he apologized.

"Sorry for what?" Kate's thoughts had taken her so far afield that she couldn't even remember what they had been talking about.

Bill sat up abruptly. "Boy, I sure do make an impression!"

Kate turned around and sat up too. "Oh, for calling me a Copy-Kate? That's all right. I know I'm not very original. I haven't any small talk—not the kind other girls seem to have—and every once in a while it worries me. That's when I try too hard, like you said."

Bill looked embarrassed. "I didn't mean—" he mumbled.

Kate waved a hand. "Forget it. I'm getting cold. I think I'll get dressed."

When she came back to the beach, Bill had gathered driftwood for a fire and was tucking newspaper under a wigwam of kindling. Kate unpacked the picnic basket and they ate hungrily, then watched the sun go down



in a blaze of glory over the sea. Bill lighted the fire and they sat in the dusk and said little. Now that she'd confessed to Bill that she was short on small talk, Kate didn't feel compelled to make conversation. She supposed, at a time like this, that Barbara [her best friend back home] would consider it important to play up to a boy, but Kate didn't know how to go about it, even if she'd been anxious to try.

In the early dusk they walked back to the car, and now there were only a few automobiles parked by the Coast Guard station. Car radios played softly.

"Step quietly. Couples necking," murmured Bill.

Somehow, with the remark, the mood of the evening was destroyed for Kate. She wondered whether with any other girl Bill might have lingered to look out over the moon-swept water, instead of getting the car keys and starting the motor at once. She curled up very small on her side of the front seat. On the way home, while Bill hummed college songs in an unself-conscious monotone, she sat feeling tight and constrained.

Bill turned down one of the lanes leading from the back street and managed to pull into Front Street almost directly in front of Rhoda's apartment.

Kate asked, "Will you come in?"

"Not tonight, thanks. Got an early class."

Did this mean he was disappointed in her or was there a hint that he might see her another time?

"Thanks for the ride, then."

"Thanks for the picnic supper. 'By now.'" Bill handed the basket out of the car and drove away abruptly, while Kate walked out along the wharf, feeling unaccountably let down.

But when Rhoda asked, "Have fun?" she said, "Swell fun. It's a beautiful beach."

IT WAS Peter Hunt's habit to spend a couple of hours each morning with his artists, and the next day he devoted special attention to Kate. She was working on a round, low table for a garden or terrace, and on the top she had mapped out a design of flowers and fruit that looked—she thought—very Peter Hunt.

But Peter shook his head. "If I were you, I'd wash that off and start over again. Designs must be personal. I've told you that before. Let yourself go, Kate. Create something that amuses you, that isn't a slavish copy of my ideas."

Kate took the criticism to heart. She promised, "I'll do my best."

"And do your best with a light heart!"



Betty Cavanna, popular author for teen-agers, went to the real Peasant Village and made friends with the real Peter Hunt, above, who let her use him and his colorful workshop in her story. Peter Hunt himself has illustrated the text of the book. The illustrations for *Cavalcade's* excerpt are drawn by a former winner in the Scholastic Art Awards.

Peter wagged a finger and smiled. "Dramatize your decorations, and let your drama be a comedy. Let your painting tell a little story—like Rhoda's chest."

He passed on to another artist, with whom he started to plan a rather elaborate design for a bookcase, and Kate could see Misty's head turn, following him. Misty looked worried, and Kate's sympathy went out to her. Misty wasn't getting on well, and she knew it. Peter was giving her less and less of his time, because her work was consistently inferior, fussy and rather dreary, completely unlike Misty herself.

With an effort Kate brought her mind back to her own problem. She sat back and considered the round table top again. A table for a terrace. A design with gaiety. What could she use?

The things that popped into her head all seemed to have been done before—and better than she could possibly do them!—by either Rhoda or Peter himself. The round table top began to spin before her eyes. *Ring-around-a-rosy!* What was the local variation the children had been singing?

*Ring a ring a rounder,
Daddy caught a flounder,
Oysters, oysters. Hooray!*

Suddenly the table top was circled, in Kate's imagination, with dancing figures of children. In the center was "Daddy" in fisherman's boots with a larger-than-life flounder in one upheld hand.

Kate laughed out loud and rapidly began to sketch. This would be fun!

So absorbed was she that the morning sped as quickly as a single brush stroke, and by lunch time Kate had blocked in her figures, holding hands around the table.

Rhoda came and looked over her

shoulder. "Kate! They're so adorable!"

Kate chuckled. "Aren't they silly?" "I love them! But why papa and the fish? Why not a posy?"

Kate quoted the little rhyme and told her about the children playing up in the West End.

Rhoda was enchanted. "Write it in as a border decoration," she begged. "Peter will love it!"

And Peter did. Kate had trouble simplifying the fisherman's boots and Peter helped her with them the next day, chortling in amusement at the immensity of "Daddy's" flounder, and turning the table all the way around so that he could read the rhyme aloud.

"Wonderful!" he cried, praise shining in his eyes. "This is what I mean, Kate. This is yours!"

Kate didn't confess how completely the little table was hers. She didn't tell Peter Hunt, or anyone else, that as she painted the central figure of the fisherman a young Portuguese with a singing name kept appearing before her eyes.

She didn't talk about Manuel at all, to either Rhoda or Misty, but all the next week she kept looking for him, almost unconsciously, whenever she walked down to the village to shop. That she never saw him didn't mean that she never would.

IN THE ménage she and Rhoda set up Kate did the marketing. Unskilled as she was, she still seemed able to make money go farther than Rhoda, and she was full of energy and willingness to learn to shop and cook.

Misty, in this respect, was a practical counselor. More often than not she ate dinners with Kate and Rhoda, paying her share in money as well as in good advice. She taught Kate how to concoct casseroles that were inexpensive and filling, and she helped prepare vegetables and do the dishes. She was a very welcome guest.

On her first payday, bolstered by her first really successful painting job, the "ring-around-a-rosy" table, Kate went down to an art supply store and bought some Shiva Casein colors and Whatman cold-pressed watercolor board. She was going to try painting over the week end.

After she had made her purchases and paid Rhoda her share of the rent, there was barely enough left for what the girls termed the "kitty," a pocket-book set aside for food money, but Kate didn't care. She was full of the creative zest that seemed to infect all Provincetown. She felt like a personality at last!



thrills to record—including his official try-out with the New York Yankees. In telling his story he has the help of a first-rate sports writer.

Here's a brand new book for baseball fans (and who isn't one?). 18-year-old Joe Carrieri has a lot of

The author thinks he's "the luckiest guy in the world"

Yankee Batboy

By JOE CARRIERI, as told to Zander Hollander

"I WANT you to pick out a bat with a base hit in it," Billy Martin ordered, as though he were talking to a magician.

As batboy for the Yankees I had put out a fire, acted in a movie and even socked a homer, but Martin's request had me stumped. The Yankees and Dodgers were playing in the World Series at Yankee Stadium. So far New York had won three games to Brooklyn's two.

Now the sixth game was in the last half of the ninth inning, with the score tied at 3-3. The restless crowd of 63,000 watched with growing excitement as the Yanks' Hank Bauer stood on second base with the potential winning run. Martin, the next hitter, was practicing swinging with a batch of bats.

"Let's play ball," demanded the plate umpire and Billy looked questioning at me. He considers me a good-luck charm of some sort. In desperation, I pointed to the lightest bat in Billy's hands and he picked it up and started for the plate. Just before reaching the batter's box, he turned around and said, "I sure hope you gave me the right one."

So did I. Clem Labine was pitching for Brooklyn and I prayed he'd groove one for Billy. The first pitch looked like a beauty, but Billy let it go by. It was a called strike. I couldn't wait for the next pitch. I guess Martin couldn't either. It was a sharp curve and Billy stepped right into it and slashed a single to centerfield. Hank Bauer raced across the plate with the run that won the game and the World Series.

I was the happiest boy in the world. And I suppose the luckiest, too.

The way I figure it, we Carrieris have been lucky ever since one wonderful

afternoon eight years ago when I was ten. As usual, I was tagging along after my brother Ralph. We were headed for a ball field across the street from Yankee Stadium. With us was Harry Jacobs, batboy for the visiting teams that played the Yankees. Since the Yankees were on the road, Harry was free to play ball with the neighborhood gang.

As we approached our diamond, Harry spotted one of the Yankee executives coming down the street. "Hey, Mr. Butterfield, we need a right fielder," Harry called. "Want to play?"

"Sorry," he grinned, "any other day I'd be happy to strike out for your team. Right now I'm busy looking for a boy who'll work in the press box at Yankee Stadium tomorrow. A minor

league double-header is scheduled and . . . say, how 'bout you working for us?"

Harry shook his head. "No, thanks," he said, "I'd rather have my Sundays free when the Yankees are away."

Then Mr. Butterfield turned to Ralph, who was fourteen, and asked him whether he wanted the job. Here was his chance to be in a big league park even if it was Yankee Stadium and not the Polo Grounds. Ralph was a Giant fan.

I would have said yes right off the bat and checked with the folks later, but Ralph wasn't me. "I've got to ask my mother and father," he said, "but I don't expect they'll stop me."

You'd think Ralph had become a major leaguer already from the way he strutted home that day. "They're going to pay me \$1.50 a game," he told the folks, "and maybe if I'm lucky I'll get

Photographs from book "Yankee Batboy"



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Joe and the tools of his trade



Whitey Ford helps Joe sharpen up his follow-through during batting practice.

a chance to work at the Yankee games, too."

Mom and Dad didn't know much about baseball. Mom specializes in making spaghetti and Dad works as a tractor operator for the Army. But they knew enough to tell Ralph it was okay to take the job. Everybody in our building heard about it before the night was up.

We live on the top floor of a three-family walk-up in the South Bronx, two miles from Yankee Stadium. One family's business becomes everybody's business when so many people live so close to each other. Anyway, who wanted to keep it a secret?

For us Carrieris it was indeed a big moment. Until now my brother and I had occasionally bought 50-cent tickets for the bleachers at the Stadium. We took "hero" sandwiches and a canteen of water and spent as many as five to six hours at a Sunday double-header.

But we didn't raise 50 cents too often. Most of our spare time was spent playing stickball. There were no ball parks in our neighborhood. So we had to play our baseball with a broom handle and a rubber ball . . . in the streets. We not only had to learn to hit with the thin stick, which usually was grabbed at the first sign of wear from Mom's broom closet, but we also had to become experts at dodging cars. It's quite an art, any city boy will tell you.

On his first day at the Stadium, Ralph reported at 11 a.m. to the press box. It's located in the mezzanine behind home. The attendant sat him down in front of a board with two buttons on it. One was a buzzer, for strikes; the other a bell, for balls.

It was up to Ralph to watch the

umpire closely. If his right arm went up for a strike, Ralph would ring the buzzer. If it was a ball, he'd ring a bell. Both buzzer and bell were heard by a man who sat at the centerfield scoreboard. The man in turn would record each pitch in the scoreboard for all to see.

Ralph must have known his balls and strikes. When the Yankees came back from the West, Ralph was offered a similar position with the Yankees themselves. He didn't even wait to ask Mom and Dad about this one.

At the time, Ralph was a junior in high school and luckily he was able to make special arrangements to get off early from classes. I think his principal was a Yankee fan, which helped.

In Uniform

After [Ralph had spent] two seasons in the press box, Connie Valenti, who was the Yankee batboy, went off to college. Harry Jacobs moved up from ballboy to batboy and so the ballboy job was open. Ralph asked Mr. Logan, in charge of the Yankee clubhouse, whether he could have the job.

Mr. Logan handed him a hat, socks, belt and Yankee uniform. "It's up to you to supply your own spikes," Mr. Logan explained, and that's how Ralph found out he was the new Yankee ballboy. His pay was to be a dollar a game, 50 cents less than his previous job, but it didn't bother Ralph. Now he would wear a Yankee uniform and meet the players.

Ralph's first day on the new job almost turned out to be his last. It was the opening game of the season and opposing the Yankees were the Boston Red Sox. A crowd of 40,000 was in the

stands. Ralph was nervous, as who wouldn't be in a big league debut. At least when you worked in the press box nobody in the park, except for the reporters, knew you were there.

When the game began, Ralph took his seat on a Coke box just outside the dugout. In addition to feeding balls to the umpire, Ralph's assignment was to chase fouls in the region of home plate after they were out of play. When a ball would float up on the wire screening, Ralph would race to the spot he expected it would land and then grab it.

In the fourth inning he made a neat one-hand catch of a foul off the bat of Joe DiMaggio. The crowd let out a lusty roar of approval and Ralph, his chest proudly expanded, trotted back to the dugout.

Joe Gordon ribbed Ralph. "Hey, boy, if you keep making like a big leaguer, you'll soon have one of our jobs."

If Ralph looked like a big leaguer then, he seemed a bush leaguer the next inning. The plate ump motioned to him for more balls and in his haste Ralph tripped over the can of balls. Two dozen or so scattered in all directions like a mess of marbles. One rolled within inches of the batter, Phil Rizzuto, and time had to be called as Phil, the rest of the Yankees and, of course, Ralph began recovering the balls.

All along, as Ralph grew up, and so did I, I was waiting for my chance to break into the Yankee organization. By the time Ralph was seventeen and a half and a veteran ballboy, I was thirteen and a half and knew all there was to know about his job and the Yankees.

You might think that because of my brother I was a cinch to get a job with the Yankees. This wasn't so. First of all, I was always a "kid brother" to Ralph.

"Wait until you grow up," he'd say to me every time I bothered him.

[But] after he'd been ballboy for three years and was getting ready for his fourth season, Ralph learned that Ed Gallagher, the visiting team batboy at the Stadium, had joined the Marines. If a fellow is going to work his way up he usually starts as visiting batboy, then as ballboy and, if he's lucky, he winds up eventually as the Yank batboy. Ralph had skipped being regular visiting batboy, but he was an exception.

Anyway, Ralph went to Pete Sheehy, Yankee clubhouse man, and asked: "Is it at all possible for my brother to get Gallagher's job?"

"How old is the kid?"

"He's thirteen and a half, but don't worry, he's big enough."

"Bring the kid around to Natriano

tomorrow. If it's okay with him, it's okay with me."

[Joe wouldn't be writing this book if he hadn't landed the job when he went around to the Stadium the next day. He was now a rookie in the majors.]

A Rookie in the Majors

The season was to begin in a week. In all of the excitement I'd forgotten the most important thing: school. I was in the seventh grade. How was I going to get out of class?

The more I thought about it, the more I worried. I knew I had to be at the ball park a half hour before the visiting team started batting practice. That meant I had to be excused from school at noon.

I got up enough courage to visit the principal. I hoped he'd be a baseball fan.

"What can I do for you, Joe?" he asked.

"I've got a big request," I said.

"Well, let's hear about it and we'll see what we can do."

This was the encouragement I needed. I told the principal all about my dreams of being a Yankee and how I'd been offered this job . . . if only I could leave school early enough.

"Truth of the matter is, Joe, that I root for the Giants," the principal said. With that my heart sank and my jaw dropped. They bounced right up a second later, however, when the principal added with a broad smile, "But the Giants are in another league, so I don't see why I should stand in your way. As long as you keep up your grades and make up any lost work, you can leave early. Good luck."

Halfway through my first season I discovered how a batboy can really get into the act. Unintentionally. The Yankees were playing a night game against the Indians. We were winning 5-1, when the Indians began to rally in the seventh inning. There were men on first and third when Larry Doby hit a fly to Johnny Lindell in left field. The man on third was going to try to score after the catch.

Jackie Phillips, the Yankee first baseman, came running toward the plate to back up the catcher on the throw-in. He is six-feet-four and about two hundred pounds. As he ran, his eyes were on Lindell, making the throw home. Doby had tossed his bat to the first base side of the plate and because I was a recruit and didn't know any better I was determined to pick up Doby's bat at all cost.

It almost cost me an arm and a leg. At the time I stood five-feet-eight and weighed a hundred and ten pounds.

So there was Phillips looking one way, me another, and before nearly 50,000 spectators we collided at top speed! I awoke seconds later and sheepishly crawled back to the Indian bench. I don't even remember whether the run scored or not.

Bob Lemon, the Indians' star pitcher, asked me: "Say, son, where'd you learn to play football?"

I felt too foolish and dazed to answer.

When the game was over I hurried to the Yankee clubhouse to wait for my brother. All of the Yankees knew Ralph was my brother and they started to make a crowd around us. I got frightened. I thought maybe they were going to bawl me out. I should have known better.

Frank Shea, who'd been to our house for dinner many times, said, "Now I'm convinced your mother puts iron in her ravioli."

Billy Johnson chimed in: "You're a real muscle-man to knock Jackie down. That takes a lot of knocking."

Phillips took it in a good humor, too. But I noticed when he walked out of the clubhouse there was a hole cut in his shoe. I had spiked him in the big toe.

From this experience I learned there was more to being batboy than just watching bats. It didn't hurt to keep a sharp eye on the game, too.

Magic Moments

[In time Joe became Yankee ballboy and then Yankee batboy. There were plenty of thrilling moments as batboy—and here's one of them.]

I looked up at the scoreboard and made a discovery. It gave me the chills. It was only the fourth inning—we were playing the Red Sox and Allie Reynolds was pitching for us.

On the scoreboard there was a zero

in the box set aside for the Red Sox hits. Meaning that so far Allie had a no-hit game. I was sorry I realized it. I felt as though I was sitting on a keg of dynamite. I looked around the dugout and noticed that things were especially quiet. Nobody seemed to be talking except when he had to and I knew there'd be no mention of the no-hitter. That's one of baseball's superstitions: To mention it is to ruin it.

All of the players were in the same boat. Not only weren't they discussing it, they were doing exactly the same thing they'd done in the inning before. They sat in the same seats on the bench next to the same players and tried not to vary their movements in even the slightest manner.

Very often I'd run back into the clubhouse halfway through a game and nibble on one of Mom's sandwiches. I had one in my locker now, but I didn't dare go for it. They'd say that nobody would have gotten a hit if I hadn't left.

As the innings piled up, I kept sneaking glances toward Reynolds. He was sweating something terrific. He'd come in off the mound and mop his face. Then he'd sit like just another spectator watching the game.

I saw him glance occasionally at the scoreboard and even though the expression on his face didn't change, I felt sure he understood what the scoreboard was saying.

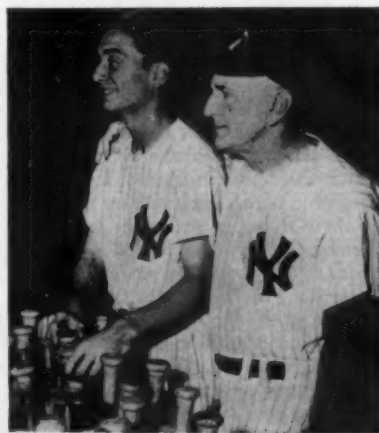
In the Yankee half of the seventh inning Allie turned to me and said, "Say, Joe, how 'bout giving me an orange?"

I hopped forth as though Allie had pushed a button. I handed one to him and Allie started sucking on it. For a second I almost forgot that "mum" was the word. I wanted to say, "Gee, Allie, I hope you get the no-hitter." Luckily, I caught myself in time.

The Yankees were making sure Allie had nothing to worry about in the "run" department. They were scoring freely and, poor old Allie, all he had to do was keep mowing down the Sox stickmen.

In the eighth inning there was one out when Fred Hatfield came to the plate. He took a wicked cut and as bat met ball my heart sank. The ball took off in the direction of the right field stands. Hank Bauer started running for it and I held my breath. I'm sure so did Allie. Bauer had read the scoreboard, too. In the nick of time he shoved out his gloved hand and speared the ball. You could hear everybody in the dugout heave a sigh.

But there was still an out and an inning to go. Aaron Robinson was the next batter. He'd once been a Yankee and the thing ball players love to do



Yankee Manager Casey Stengel and Joe

every chance they get is spoil a game for their old teammates. This couldn't have been a better setting. Robinson picked out one of Allie's fast balls and clouted it to right. Again it was up to Bauer. And he came through with another beautiful catch against the right field fence. Boy, it was too close for comfort.

In the ninth inning the tenseness was even worse. Allie managed to chalk up two outs and now Ted Williams was the batter. I would have felt better with anyone else in the league up at the plate. Allie got a strike on him and then Ted lifted a high foul behind home. It looked like the game was over. Yogi scampered under the foul, but the ball squirted out of his glove and he fell on his face. What a letdown! Nobody felt worse than Yogi, but I heard Allie say, "Don't worry, Yogi, we'll get him on the next one."

And they did. Williams lifted another foul. This one Yogi squeezed like his life depended on it. It probably did because the players would have lynched him if he hadn't caught it.

Allie had his no-hitter and I ran as fast as I could to the mound to congratulate him. I wanted to be the first one there, and I was. I said, "Great going, Allie," and the next thing I was going myself—flat on my mug! The players and fans surged all over Allie and I was lucky not to be trampled.

That no-hitter I consider one of my most exciting moments with the Yankees. Even if I didn't do the pitching. Naturally, I've had a lot of thrills as batboy, but there are special ones, like the no-hitter, which would be in my diary, if I kept one.

Among my prize possessions is a miniature rubber given to me by Allie after his no-hitter.

Tryout with the Yankees

It may come as a surprise to my friends, fans and relatives, but I've had a formal tryout with the Yankees.

I wanted to see how I stacked up against the other boys who report for tryouts at the Stadium. I also wanted to see if the Yankees would be interested in signing me up. I was only sixteen at the time and, though I was already a veteran in the Yankee organization, I didn't tell anyone what I was doing. I merely wrote a letter to the Yankees, attention their scouting department, and asked for a tryout. I was doing just as thousands of other young baseballers do.

I soon received the following answer:

Dear Sir:

You are invited to attend a workout at Yankee Stadium on Saturday, May 2, at

9 a.m. sharp. Bring your own uniform, baseball shoes, glove, etc. If you have your own bat bring that also.

Positively no visitors will be allowed to attend these workouts.

Very truly yours,
Paul Krichell
(Chief Scout)

The Yankees were on the road. My Yankee uniform was in the clubhouse, but I had no intention of wearing it. I had an old neighborhood uniform which I took to the Stadium. The Yankees don't believe in having mob tryouts, so there were just thirty-five of us who reported to the visiting dressing room, where we put on our uniforms and received numbers which were pinned on our backs.

Out on the field we were greeted by one of Mr. Krichell's assistants, Harry Hesse. He told us that the tryout would last for about two-and-a-half hours and we'd be broken up into groups and handled by different scouts (there were five) who would put us through the paces.

As he talked Mr. Hesse looked at me strangely, as if to say, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" But he didn't say anything and neither did I. I didn't want any special treatment. And I didn't get any.

The first thing they did was to test our running speed. They held two-man races on a 75-yard straightaway. At the finish line a couple of scouts held watches, timing each boy. It wasn't important who won the race. The time counted. The Yankees figure that eight seconds is pretty good, nine is poor. I don't know what I did. They don't tell you.

After that came the hitting session. The pitchers went off in a separate group to warm up. Of the rest of us, some were sent into the field and some up to bat. We were told that those in the field were to retrieve the balls and roll them into the infield. We weren't to be judged as fielders yet. That would come later. The scouts were interested in how we hit, mainly our coordination at the plate.

The Yankees don't believe in having the pitching candidates throw to the hitters during these tryouts. I guess the reasoning is that each pitcher would be in there trying to strike out every batter and that's no way to test a hitter on fundamentals. Anyway, we faced "Overhand Joe," the mechanical wizard.

Most of the boys had never seen one before and it took them a few swings to get acquainted. We received about ten swings apiece, with the scouts watching closely. I hit three solid ones and only missed a couple.

During all this time the scouts wrote

notes on each player on a card. After all of us, except the pitchers, had had our chance at bat, we were taken one at a time and tested on our fielding. Here's how it worked:

One of the scouts hit balls to a third baseman. He hit two to his left, two to his right, two right at him, and maybe a bunt or two to see how he came in on the ball. It wasn't like infield practice where there's an entire infield in action. This was strictly one at a time. They then took the shortstops, second basemen, first basemen, and catchers. The catchers didn't field grounders, but they had bunts to pick up and fire to first or second.

As for us outfielders, it worked pretty much the same way. They made us run to the right, left, deep, and short. They followed our arms on the throwing, too. Then they called us all in.

Meantime, the pitchers had been throwing to the scouts on the sidelines. Once warmed up, they were told to toss at full speed and to show whatever variety of pitches they had. They didn't throw against any batters.

The workout was over. We all came back to the clubhouse, showered, and had sandwiches and milk which were provided by the Yankees. While we ate, Mr. Krichell and his staff privately went over the cards of each boy. They were deciding which ones they would let go, which ones they wanted to come back for another session, and which ones, if any, they would sign immediately.

Fingers Crossed

Mr. Hesse came into the room where we sat and you could have heard a pin drop. Thirty-five boys held their breath at the same time.

"No matter what we've decided here," Mr. Hesse began, "I want you all to know that we appreciate your having come to the Yankees for a tryout. Some of you are a little too young now and we're going to invite you back again next year. A few of you we feel are just not cut out to be professional players, but don't let that discourage you. Not everyone can play professional baseball, but everyone can play ball."

Then Mr. Hesse called off the numbers of the boys in whom the Yankees were interested. My heart pounded when I heard him call my number and say, "We want to see you again next season."

Golly, that meant they were interested! I guess I couldn't have done badly. I figured I could wait a year.

After all, Phil Rizzuto and Whitey Ford came up through tryouts at the Stadium. And they didn't get signed up first crack out of the box.

CavalQUIZ

• Test Yourself on This Issue of Literary Cavalcade

Reading Comprehension Quizzes • Topics for Composition and Discussion
Vocabulary Building • Evaluating Standards and Ideas • Literary Appreciation • Crossword Puzzle

NAME _____

CLASS _____ APRIL, 1955

Focus on Reading

The New Man (p. 3)

I. Quick Quiz

In each of the sentences that follow, fill in the blanks to correctly complete the meaning of the sentence. Count seven points for each. Total: 28.

1. _____'s father had also settled in this fertile valley when he was Anton's age.
2. Stan rode to work on a _____, and soon Anton had bought one, too.
3. One day Anton picked up the expression "_____" from Stan, and used it on every possible occasion.
4. When Anton brandished his knife at the television screen, one of the road job gang said, "I wouldn't want to be alone with that fella. Where he comes from they fight _____."

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

Although the author never names the country Anton came from, what are some of the countries it might be? What "dirty things" might John Roda have had in mind when he defended Anton by saying, "A lot of dirty things happened to his home town"?

What is significant about the fact that Anton knew how to open a knife "with a flick of his thumb"? In a few well chosen words, explain how Anton's gesture with the knife at the end of the story gives the title, "New Man," a double meaning.

The Failure (p. 14)

I. Quick Quiz

Phil thought up a great many rationalizations to explain or reassure himself about his cheating. You'll find six of these rationalizations suggested in the following incomplete sentences. Write in the blank spaces the words that correctly complete each statement or quotation. Count seven points for each. Total: 42.

1. He would never have cheated in the first place if he hadn't _____ on the morning of the exam.

2. There were important reasons to justify cheating on the exam: his four-year _____, and his hopes of being accepted by a first-rate _____ school.

3. As a member of student council and the brother of the girl Phil was dating, _____ would certainly help him out of this scrape.

4. "One _____, They can't ruin your life for one _____."

5. "The _____ could review the facts of the case, change their recommendation."

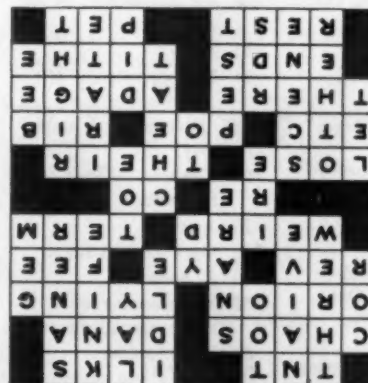
6. "Even if Bob couldn't do anything for him, he thought, brightening, the _____ might be able to; he was an influential man, and State was his alma mater."

My score _____

II. What Do You Think?

More than Phil's immediate failure to observe the rules of honesty is suggested by the title of this story. Had Phil's father and aunt failed to be what they might have been to Phil? If so, how? Was Phil justified in feeling that the Hollisters had failed him? If so, how? Had the college also failed Phil: should it have shown more consideration for him, considering his good record and the fact that this was his first offense?

Or had Phil disappointed everyone—his father and aunt, the college faculty and students, the Hollisters—to an extent



Crossword Puzzle Answer

Sure you can turn this upside down if you want to. But why peek and spoil your fun? Puzzle is on page 28 of Cavalquiz.

that would override any criticisms that might be leveled against them? To what degree did you sympathize with Phil? Would your sympathy have been increased if his thinking and behavior immediately *after* he cheated had been different? If so, explain how you think he might have done more to redeem himself once his mistake had been made.

In what ways had Phil expected too much of other people? (In answering, state the reasons why the other people involved could not live up to his expectations, or could not be expected to feel any obligation to do so.) In what ways did Phil feel that his father had always expected too little from others? To what degree did Phil's feeling that his father was a failure seem to you to be justified? To what degree did this attitude toward his father prevent Phil from seeing *himself* clearly?

What do you think Phil could and should have learned from his expulsion? What do you think the story suggests he *did* learn—if anything?

Yankee Batboy (p. 23)

I. Quick Quiz

In the blank spaces after each of the following sentences write the name of the man listed to whom the sentence refers. Count six points for each. Total: 30.

Whitey Ford Allie Reynolds Joe DiMaggio
Jackie Phillips Paul Krichell Phil Rizzuto

1. Joe learned to keep his eye on the game as well as on the bats when he collided with this player. _____

2. Two Yankee players came up through tryouts at the Stadium. Name one: _____

3. This man, the Yankees' chief scout, sent Joe Carrieri an invitation to try out at the Stadium. _____

4. On his first day as a ballboy, Ralph Carrieri got a hand from the crowd when he made a one-handed catch of a foul off the bat of this player. _____

5. One of Joe Carrieri's biggest thrills in baseball came on the date that this well-known player pitched a no-hit game. _____

My total score _____ My score _____

(Perfect total score: 100)

Answers in Teacher Edition

II. What Do You Think?

After reading Joe Carrieri's story, what do you think are some of the qualities and abilities that a batboy should bring to his job? What rewards and satisfactions would the job offer?

What does it mean when a story is signed "by" someone "as told to" someone else?

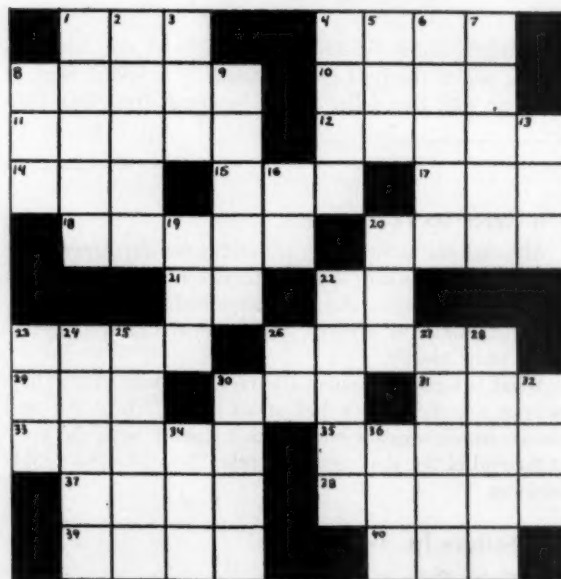
ACROSS

1. Dynamite (*abbrev.*).
4. Kinds or classes.
- * 8. Utter confusion and disorder.
10. Richard Henry _____, author of *Two Years Before the Mast*.
11. This well-known constellation has three stars in its belt.
- * 12. Resting.
14. Reverend (*abbrev.*).
15. A "yes" vote.
17. Money paid for a service rendered.
- * 18. Uncanny.
20. Limited period of time.
21. Note of the musical scale following "do."
22. Company (*abbrev.*).
- * 23. Opposite of "win."
- * 26. Belonging to them. (Do not confuse with 33 Across.)
- * 29. Et cetera (*abbrev.*). (Don't forget the period at the end.)
30. American poet, Edgar Allan _____
31. What woman was made from in the Bible.
- * 33. In that place.
35. Proverb or maxim.
37. Finishes.
38. 10% tax given to the church under the Old Regime in France.
39. Repose.
40. Animal kept in the home.

DOWN

- * 1. Hurled.
- * 2. Innocently simple; opposite of *sophisticated*.
- * 3. In addition.
- * 4. Not occupied or busy, loafing.
5. Reposed.
- * 6. Cutting implement.
7. Mentally healthier.
8. Corner (*abbrev.*).
9. A kind of trap set by hunters.
13. A jewel or precious stone.
16. Yard (*abbrev.*).
19. Anger.
20. Part of the foot.
22. Act dishonestly, as on an exam.
23. Allow.
24. The opposite one of two, not this, but the _____
- * 25. Division of a stage play.
- * 26. Towards. (Don't confuse with 3 Down.)
27. Angry.
- * 28. Opposite of wrong.
30. A nuisance.
32. Manufacturer of a favorite spread for toast.
34. Rods (*abbrev.*).
36. Plunge into water.

Spellbound?



* There are 48 words in this puzzle. The words starred with an asterisk (*) are spelling demons. Allow yourself 4 points for each starred word (there are 15) and one point for each of the others. Add a bonus of 7 points if you get all the starred words right. If you get all the words, plus the bonus, you should have a total score of 100. Answers are on page 27, but don't look now. Wait until you have completed the puzzle. Why spoil your fun?

Have Fun with Words

Words from the Woods

Jim Gent's "Cavalcade First" story ("The Blue Darter of the North," p. 12) gains much from Jim's judicious choice of words. By selecting vivid nouns, verbs, and adjectives, he helps the reader to appreciate the color and drama of the forest life he describes.

Is your vocabulary up to Jim's? Test yourself on these ten words taken from "The Blue Darter" and see how well you can do.

I. Match the words in *Column I* with their current definitions in *Column II* by placing the letters of the appropriate *Column II* definitions before the numbers of the *Column I* words. Count five points for each correct answer. Total: 50.

Column I

- ___1. effervescence
- ___2. dormant
- ___3. cavorting
- ___4. mottled
- ___5. gossamer
- ___6. hapless
- ___7. predator
- ___8. rufous
- ___9. annihilation
- ___10. dirge

Column II

- a. red-yellow in color
- b. luckless
- c. extermination
- d. sleeping, quiescent
- e. animal of prey
- f. prancing, romping
- g. funereal music
- h. marked with spots of different colors
- i. bubbling, as of carbonated water
- j. filmy, cobwebby

My score _____

Put Words to Work

II. First correct any mistakes you have made in Section I. Then insert in the blank spaces in each of the quotations from "The Blue Darter" that follow a word from Section I which fits the meaning indicated in parentheses. Count five points for each word you fill in correctly. Total: 50.

1. "The fish rushed into a shallow spot where a deft paw flipped the _____ brookie onto the grassy bank." (unfortunate)

2. "Perched at the top of a stately spruce, the _____ consumed his meal." (killer of other birds, animals)

3-4. "Canada was awakening to the _____ foam-ing, sparkling forth) of life which had been lying _____ (inactive, resting) for the past six months."

5. "A female sharp-shinned hawk . . . shrieked her _____ to the moon." (song of lamentation)

6. "The bear approached . . . flattening himself into a

Hired Horses

Hackneyed. "He walked past the bronze statue . . . the *hackneyed*, incredible phrases beating dully in his brain." —*The Failure*, p. 14.

A phrase "that is *hackneyed*" has been used so often that it has become trite and commonplace. Like a hired horse that has submitted to too many riders, such a phrase has come to lack spirit and quality.



The comparison between a *hackneyed* phrase and a hired horse is suggested by the origin of the word *hackneyed*. Originally, *Hackney* was a name given to a particular breed of horse that was raised in Hackney, England. Since Hackneys were frequently let out for hire, *hackney* (uncapitalized) and, abbreviated,

hack became general terms for any horse that could be hired.

Its use was then broadened to include rented carriages, and this meaning persists today in the colloquial term *hack*, meaning a taxicab.

Hack is also used as a word for a writer who is willing to hire himself out for any kind of literary work, and whose writing thus lacks integrity and individuality.

dark lump at the water's edge, watching the three dark, _____ fish lying motionless on the gravel bottom." (spotted, dappled)

7. "The two owls gathered their slow wits, and anticipated the _____ of the cowering birds below." (destruction)

8. "Large brook trout were _____ playfully in the azure pools along the swelled stream's bank." (capering, frolicking)

9. "And it was not long after that, either, before balls of soft _____ feathers were milling about in the nest." (reddish-yellow)

10. "A _____-winged fly buzzed in a zig-zagged line and then plunged into the middle of the surging stream." (gauzelike)

My score _____

My total score _____

(Perfect total score: 100)

Answers in Teacher Edition

Composition Capers

The Setting Could Be Spring

'Tis spring—the season that seems to start writer's ink flowing right along with the streams and rivulets. For the appeal of springtime is threefold: spring is not only a season, but places and moods as well.

Spring is a place such as the Lake Huron Shore country that James Gent describes in "Blue Darter of the North" (p. 12), where ferns and arbutus suddenly make their appearance, and the sounds of bubbling water and screaming jays can be heard. And spring is also a state of mind, like that suggested by Joan Dougherty in her "Cavalcade Firsts" poem "April" (p. 13).

Perhaps this balmy season makes you want to sit right down and write something with a spring theme. If so, fine! But we have more than spring stories, poems, and essays in mind for discussion. What we'd like to point out is that spring is just one example of a potentially effective setting.

Often people tend to think of "setting" as simple identification of background: where and when a story takes place. And for some stories, that is enough. But setting can play a larger role in your writing, and the good writer will be aware that any setting (like spring) can encompass time, place, and mood in such a way as to lend force and interest to his whole story.

Establishing Your Focus

Before you've begun to write, when your story idea is still in the "germ" state, consider the relation of setting to what you have to say. You can decide that you want to center your attention upon certain relationships or events to which setting is relatively unimportant. In that case, your description of setting may be very brief or you may even omit it entirely.

On the other hand, you may discover, as you put your setting into focus with your story idea, that you can make this setting go to work for you in a number of ways. You may decide, for example, that it can serve to

1. **Explain.** Let's say that you are writing a story about a boy who has "spring fever" and isn't going to be quite accountable for the practicality of his actions. You can say that he feels restless, dissatisfied, and fretful the moment he comes in from outside. You will say this more meaningfully, however, if you let some concrete details of setting carry your explanation home to the reader. The reader will understand the boy and the nature of his light-headed state much better if you paint in a picture of that outside world; its fresh green color; its smells; its sounds; its brightness and the contrasting cave-like dusk of the school building.



In such a case as this, setting will contribute a great deal to the picture of character you are trying to establish. Or, turning from character to events, you may find that setting can help you to

2. **Visualize and Dramatize.** Perhaps you want to make a reader "see" and "feel" the tragedy of a drowning. He will be aided in doing so if, first of all, you provide a realistic description of the place where the drowning occurs. A picture of the rapidly descending shoreline, and the churning current a few feet out in the water, will enable your reader to visualize the accident that takes place. And his emotional response to the event can be heightened, dramatized by further use of setting. You might describe the overcast skies above the water, and the sinister, muddy color of the water itself as a complement to the tragedy. Or an equally dramatic effect may be achieved by contrast—by calling the reader's attention to the seeming mockery of bright sunshine and blue skies.

Modern writers have made frequent use of another possibility in setting: that is, to

3. **Symbolize.** Here is how one writer used a garden setting for symbolic effect: At the beginning of the story, we find the heroine looking out the window of her house into her garden, where a cherry tree is in full bloom, and rejoicing in the happiness of her life. The flowering garden, and particularly the tree, seem to reflect her own joy and happiness as a girl in love. But later that same day she discovers that the fancy of her young man has been caught by someone else. She sees him walking past with the other girl. Suddenly the tree which has seemed a reflection of her happiness becomes the symbol of her disillusionment.

The next time you go to a dance, for example, think of what the gaily decorated surroundings might mean to different people there. To the belle of the ball? To the awkward boy attending his first social function?

Make It Yours

Now of course you didn't expect us to discuss the subject of setting without some reference to our favorite piece of advice—*write from your own experience!* At least we hope you've been conscious of how often this point has been recommended in "Composition Capers," for its importance can't be understated.

Unless your own experience enables you to "see" and "feel" a particular setting, the odds are against your being able to help your reader to do the same thing. Insofar as possible, select settings based upon or generally similar to ones that you yourself know.

So practice close observations of the places you encounter in daily life. Don't be satisfied with a vague, formless response to such places. Train yourself to catalogue the specific details. And to help you launch this habit, here are three settings that could be brought to life through the observation of concrete details. List as many such details as you can think of:

1. School auditorium during an assembly program
2. City zoo on a Sunday afternoon in spring
3. A movie theatre during a Saturday matinee.

"Now that April's here"

Assurance

I walked this Easter morning in the wood
And found it good
To move along the moss-thick aisles and feel
The quick desire to kneel
In that great dim cathedral, still and vast.
Surely the Lord has passed
That way. I saw His sandal footprints there,
And on my hair
I felt His hand as the golden sun streamed through
The small leaves thin and new,
And in the wind of spring I heard His voice
Bidding my heart rejoice.

Grace Noll Crowell

**There is only one man in the world
and his name is All Men.**

**There is only one woman in the world
and her name is All Women.**

**There is only one child in the world
and the child's name is All Children.**

Carl Sandburg, 1955

for "The Family of Man" photography exhibition

The Year's at the Spring

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

Robert Browning

About Ben Adhem

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The Vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The Angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

Leigh Hunt

Prayerful Meditation
by *Morning Light* in
Kashmir • Photo-
graph by Henri Car-
tier-Bresson • From
"The Family of Man"
• An exhibition of
photography from
68 countries, dedi-
cated to the dignity
of man—at work, at
play, at studies, at
prayer • To May 8
at Museum of Mod-
ern Art, New York



Chucklebait



Bob Hope's new book telling his "own story," *Have Tux, Will Travel*, is fun all the way. With breezy informality, in tones of conversation punctuated by laughter, Bob Hope tells of his childhood in England and Ohio; his early efforts to make a dollar by singing; his lean years as a struggling vaudeville performer; his decision to "go it alone"; and his gradual rise to fame and fortune.

Bob's story comes in a paperbound edition you can buy for a dollar at your bookstore. On this page are glimpses into his life before you knew him.

I was born in 1903 at Eltham in England. I've sometimes cracked, "When I was born, my mother said, 'William, get the doctor back. He's taken the baby and left the stork.'"

I'll start with my mother. What a job she did with her seven rock-head sons. One of my memories is her Saturday-night routine. She'd get out a big washtub and give us baths in the kitchen. She took us in order of our conduct for the week. If we'd been good, we got fresh water. That's why I was tan until I was thirteen. . . .

My first day in school in Cleveland the other kids asked me, "What's your name?" When I said "Les Hope," they switched it to Hopeless. It got to be quite a rib and caused some scuffling and a few bloody ski-snoots for me.

Dad had come over to the United States to start from scratch. It was a scratchy start, all right. In March, 1908, when the small Hopes came up out of the steerage at Ellis Island, each of us wore two suits of sandpapery underwear under two suits of clothing to save luggage space.

I tried so many different ways of raising a dollar Horatio Alger could have used me for a technical expert. I don't remember whether the paper route was my first job or my tenth. Any job that needed a strong back and a weak mind was where you'd find young Les Hope.



Drawing by Ted Solly from *Have Tux, Will Travel*
The Saturday Night Routine.



In addition to our paper route, Whitey [my brother] and I worked up a chirp routine. We sang for kicks around the neighborhood. When we sang in front of the apartment buildings on 101st Street, the cliff dwellers there threw coins down at us. It was probably a bribe to get us to go away, but we didn't know that. . . .

Sometimes we took one of the nickels flung to us from an apartment and blew it on sitting in a nickelodeon and worshipping Doug Fairbanks. Doug was our boy. We even tried to grin like him. The way I did it, little girls yelled for their mamas.

For an hour or two after a Doug Fairbanks picture, I was Doug. Inspired by his gymnastics, Whitey and I jumped from the top of the two-story Alhambra Theater building. We used a delivery-wagon umbrella as a parachute. Fortunately, we were loose-jointed physically as well as mentally, and we landed in a pile of sand.

As a young man, Bob tried several different kinds of acts with different partners to find his forte on the stage—and at the same time trying to keep body and soul together.

We sweated out a saxophone duet which could have ruined show business all by itself. Later, when I grew older and cagier, I thought of all the ways we could have cashed in with those saxophones. I'm sure we could have gotten the Buscher people, who made them, to send us a hundred dollars apiece not to play them any more.

The Second World War broke out when Bob was at the peak of success. With careless generosity, Bob tossed everything aside to entertain servicemen overseas.

We got to Algiers, where General Eisenhower had his headquarters. He greeted us by saying, "Sit down and tell me what's happened to you. I understand you've been bombed a little. Well, you can get a rest here in Algiers. We haven't been bombed here for a month and a half. You'll get a good night's rest tonight. . . ."

About three o'clock [that night] I went to bed and at four o'clock I heard a banging on my door. It was Jack Pepper. "It's an air-raid warning," he said. We rushed down to the wine cellar which was used for an air-raid shelter. The building shook and I thought: *This is it.*

The bombers kept trying to paste the battleships in the harbor, which was just outside the door. And all the big guns and the anti-aircraft guns, the ninety millimeters, were firing. I can't describe the racket. But I'll say this—I knew something was going on.

The next day I sent Ike a wire and thanked him for the rest. I said, "I'm glad I wasn't here on one of the nights when you had some action."

Place your order now for additional copies of the *May Cavalcade*, the annual Scholastic Awards Issue
25 cents a copy, 50 cents with catalogue of Art Awards winners



The Unseen Audience: A Webster Classic

After the discussion, before the moderator makes his summary, students in the class may ask questions of the five speakers.

Cavalcade Firsts (p. 12)

Our student-writing department may be short on space this month—but we think it is not short on quality! The usual four pages of student writing have been cut to two with an eye toward “saving our thunder” for next month’s all-student issue, which will contain selections from the Awards-winning entries in the 1955 Scholastic Writing Awards—and will be illustrated by selections from the annual Scholastic Art Awards High School Art Exhibition at Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Cavalquiz (pp 27-30)

- Quizzes and discussion questions on three selections from this issue: “The New Man” (p. 3), “The Failure” (p. 14), and “Yankee Batboy” (p. 23).
- Vocabulary page: vocabulary exercise on ten words taken from “The Blue Darter of the North” (p. 12); word-origin feature on *hackneyed*.
- Composition Capers: “Shop talk” about writing for young writers; this month’s subject—how to handle your settings.

Paintbox Summer (p. 20)

Kate discovered many good things during her wonderful young summer on

Cape Cod—new friends, new sights and experiences, and most of all, a new awareness of the joys of creative expression. This excerpt from Betty Cavanna’s *Paintbox Summer* (available in entirety through the Teen Age Book Club) suggests why Miss Cavanna’s books have long enjoyed such popularity among teen-age readers.

Before a class discussion of this excerpt, it may prove helpful to outline briefly the background of this chapter:

Kate Vale is a sheltered, small-town teen-ager who has never before been away from her home and family. She is confused and afraid of her own “difficult” personality, and consequently finds herself longing for the sophisticated veneer of her more “ordinary” friends. When an aunt makes it possible for Kate to spend a summer as a student in Peter Hunt’s art studio in Provincetown, Kate not only has a happy time, but makes exciting progress in “discovering herself” and in learning to accept and develop her own personality.

Teen-aged girls with similar problems in lack of self-confidence will find inspiration as well as entertainment in watching Kate find new and more natural friends, and new and refreshing ways of self-expression. It is hoped that book excerpts such as the two in this issue will lead many readers to the full-length books.

The photograph of Miss Cavanna and Peter Hunt (p. 22) should give this excerpt a special reality.

Yankee Batboy (p. 23)

A Scholastic exclusive—an interview with the batboy of the New York Yankees, recorded by Scholastic contributor Zander Hollander, a sports writer of the *New York World-Telegram and Sun*. The baseball season is upon us once again, and teachers these days are well aware that the enthusiasm for the Great American Sport has become almost as prevalent among girls as boys. Here is a selection that you won’t have to “sell” to your students.

“Now That April’s Here” (p. 31)

The selections on this month’s poetry page are chosen for their expression of the qualities of early spring: the fresh beauty of a new green earth, and the reawakening, the new awareness in man, of love and life, hope and faith.

The photograph is from the distinguished exhibition of photography, “The Family of Man,” recently at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. The exhibition, assembled by the Museum’s director of photography Edward Steichen, brings together photographs from 68 countries portraying the everyday lives of everyday people—at work, at play, at school, at prayer. (Further examples from this exhibition are to be found in the February 14, 1955, issue of *Life*. The speaking quality of Steichen’s selections makes them valuable starting points for student compositions. Ask students to study the pictures and see whether they cannot find in them some suggestions for stories, essays, articles, or poems.)

Points of Art Interest

Besides the Steichen photography on the poetry page, *Cavalcade’s* artists this month include Fletcher Martin and Clare Leighton. Martin, whose lithograph “Double Play” is on the cover, is one of America’s major painters. Clare Leighton’s woodcuts are famous for their natural simplicity and form in light and shadow, qualities for which they were appropriately chosen to illustrate Jesse Stuart’s “If I Were Seventeen.”

“Cavalquiz” Answers (pp. 27-30)

Quick Quiz: “The New Man”: 1-Stan; 2-bicycle; 3-Holy Cow; 4-dirty. “The Failure”: 1-overslept; 2-scholarship, law; 3-Bob Hollister; 4-mistake, mistake; 5-student council; 6-judge. “Yankee Batboy”: 1-Jackie Phillips; 2-Phil Rizzuto or Whitey Ford; 3-Paul Krichell; 4-Joe DiMaggio; 5-Allie Reynolds.

Have Fun with Words: I. 1-i; 2-d; 3-f; 4-h; 5-j; 6-b; 7-e; 8-a; 9-c; 10-g.

II. 1-hapless; 2-predator; 3-4-effervescence, dormant; 5-dirge; 6-mottled; 7-annihilation; 8-cavorting; 9-rufous; 10-gossamer.

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10,382 teachers now use the Teen Age Book Club to promote broader reading of worth-while books

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

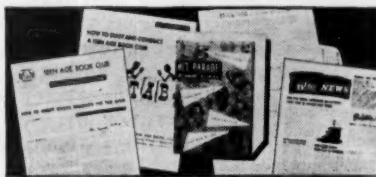
The Teen Age Book Club stimulates young people of school age to read for pleasure by providing them with books of outstanding merit and high youth appeal—at a cost within their means.

Each month Club members may choose from among 16 popular 25¢ and 35¢ pocket-size books—a total of 160 books each school year. Books are selected both for literary merit and youth appeal by a board of reading experts. Titles are widely varied so that all members may readily find books suited to their interests and age level. Many titles are exclusive with the Club and cannot be obtained through newsstands, drug or department stores. List includes:

Novels	Classics	Sports
Short Stories	Drama	Animals
Science Fiction	Adventure	Hobbies
Mysteries	Humor	Reference

NEED NOT BUY SPECIFIC NUMBER

Joining a Club does not obligate members to buy a definite number of books. They may buy as many or as few as they wish of the books offered during the year.



Kit of materials is free on request.

COSTS NOTHING TO JOIN

There are no dues, no fees of any kind in the Teen Age Book Club. Books are mailed postpaid and a handy kit containing all materials for operating a Club is supplied free. This includes (1) a simple, easy-to-follow Manual of Instructions, (2) Class Membership Record, (3) order forms, (4) sample book, and (5) TAB NEWS—a 4-page illustrated bulletin containing descriptions of coming books. The Club is organized so that students can run it themselves with little or no work on the part of the teacher.

FREE DIVIDENDS

A popular feature of the Club, and a strong incentive to the formation of regular reading habits are the free dividends. For every four books purchased, Club members choose a free book at the end of the semester.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE MATERIALS

TEEN AGE BOOK CLUB
33 W. 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y.
Please send, without cost or obligation, complete information on starting a Teen Age Book Club, in my class next fall together with a free kit of materials.

Name _____

School _____ Grade _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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